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One Halfpenny.

LORD CURZON'S RESIGNATION OF THE INDIAN VICEROYALTY.



Lady Curzon, wife of the ex-Viceroy. She is an American by birth, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leiter, of Washington.—(London Stereoscopic.)



Lord Curzon snapshotted with Lady Curzon at Dover on the occasion of his investiture as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.



Lord Curzon with his two little daughters.



Major-General Sir E. Barrow, suggested by Lord Curzon as Military Member of the Indian Council. The Government refused to accept him, and the Viceroy resigned.—("Sphere.")



Lord Curzon of Kedleston has just resigned after having held the position of Viceroy of India for the longest term on record. He assumed the office in January, 1899, and at the expiration of the usual five years his term of office was specially renewed.



Lord and Lady Curzon at a tiger shoot in India. Lord Curzon was the hardest-working of Viceroys, but he managed to find time to see something of Indian sport.—(From stereograph copyright, 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)



The Earl of Minto, appointed to succeed Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Another snapshot of Lord Curzon, taken just after the extension of his term as Viceroy.



Lord Curzon photographed as he was driving through the streets of Dover.



Lord Kitchener, whose disagreement with Lord Curzon on questions of Army administration was the initial cause of the Viceroy's resignation.—(Cribb.)

LORD CURZON'S RESIGNATION.

Will He Re-Enter Parliament
When He Comes Home?

INDIAN SYMPATHY.

Chorus of Admiration for the
Retired Viceroy.

Lord Curzon's resignation as Viceroy of India comes rather awkwardly for the Government.

Lord Minto, his successor, is not in a position to reach India for a few months, and if Lord Curzon insists on handing over the reins of office forthwith it will be necessary to appoint an acting-Viceroy.

Great interest attaches to Lord Curzon's actions when he reaches this country. He was, it will be remembered, the most promising young man of the Unionist Party. In his guided exile he has notoriously pined for the excitement of the House of Commons, and he accepted an Irish peerage in order that he might be free to re-enter that stormy arena on the expiration of his term of office.

When he reaches England he will no doubt take a prolonged rest. The state of his health demands that. But he has no intention, it may be confidently affirmed, of relinquishing public life.

After his recent experiences in India, what course will he take when he re-enters Parliament? It is significant that the Liberal papers refer most sympathetically to his achievements and the unfortunate end of his brilliant Viceroyalty. Years ago their tone was very different. Do they contemplate the possibility of having a distinguished recruit to the ranks of the Opposition?

In India the news of the resignation has been greeted with mixed feelings. In official circles unanimous sympathy is expressed for the ex-Viceroy, but in Bengal the people, who regarded the partition of Bengal as an outrage, are jubilant over Lord Curzon's retirement.

WHAT THE WORLD THINKS.

Sympathy In India—Remarkable Tribute
From America.

CALCUTTA, Monday.—While strongly supporting the Viceroy against the Cabinet, the Anglo-Indian public generally regrets that Lord Curzon did not resign in June on the larger Constitutional principle of the supremacy of the civil power. On that question the entire public is with him.

The people of Bengal, who regard Lord Curzon's partition scheme as an outrage, are jubilant over his resignation.—Central News.

NEW YORK, Monday.—The "New York World" is the only newspaper this morning that publishes a leader upon the resignation of Lord Curzon.

It says that the reasons for his resignation will commend themselves to all thinking men, and will command the respect of history. It is a matter of world-wide regret that in the direction of India's policy arrogant forces and reckless little war triumphed over a policy of tact, good understanding, and peaceful development.—Central News.

ENGLISH PRESS TRIBUTES.

The British Press takes very various views of the situation, as will be seen from the following extracts from leading London and provincial journals:—

"Times":—"While we think that Lord Curzon made a mistake in withdrawing his first resignation and another mistake in choosing the occasion of his second resignation, we are satisfied that other persons involved in the discussion have been seriously at fault.

"Morning Post":—"It is a pitiful muddle. Lord Curzon has been made to feel that there has been a lack of straightforwardness and perfect candour in the treatment he has received.

"Daily Chronicle":—"He has been a great Viceroy, hardly a popular one. He has handled many difficult questions in a large, courageous, statesmanlike way.

"Daily News":—"Our sympathies on the whole are with Lord Curzon.

"Daily Mail":—"One who counted physical suffering and personal fatigue as of naught in the high-souled pursuit of the goal Lord Curzon had set before himself.

"Manchester Guardian":—"Up to the present any controversy Lord Curzon has given one and only one cause of offence to the Government. He is a free-trader.

"Westminster Gazette":—"He has been eminently a reforming Viceroy. Most laborious and unsparring of himself. His native policy has been wise and humane. He has done notably well.

"Pall Mall Gazette":—"His work in India will live after him, and his future at home must inevitably be a great one.

TRUCULENT THREAT.

Leaders Give Ominous Counsel to
the Unemployed.

'SACK THE BREAD SHOPS.'

"Sack the bread shops!" That is practically what the great unemployed of London are now advised to do.

In this ominous counsel is to be seen the culmination of all the threats that have been uttered for months past.

Trafalgar-square and West Ham have heard wild talk in which hungry men have been asked why they are hungry when the rich have plenty and the great sheds of the docks are full of corn.

Since then there has been the march of the Raunds bootmakers and the promised march of the Manchester unemployed.

In the interval the state of trade in London has not improved, and thousands of working men still walk about with nothing to do. And things, they say, will grow worse, despite the Unemployed Bill. To occupy their time these unemployed listen to leaders who, in lieu of work, give them speeches and such suggestive advice as at West Ham yesterday:—

"We are not going to tell you what to do; we know too much for that. The authorities would like to get us away, but they won't. I sail very near to the wind, but not quite. I only tell you there's plenty of food in England, and if they won't let you work, well, I leave it to you to say what you will do. All I say is I am not afraid of prison—I have been there before, and know all about it, and it's better to be in prison than to starve outside.

Another piece of counsel was, "Don't pay rent so long as your children have insufficient food." The only result of such speeches is that the men go away full of evil designs which it is always possible may be carried into execution one day.

It is calculated that about 1,000 men were enrolled on the unemployed list at West Ham yesterday, bringing the total for that district up to nearly 4,000. All the men who have been so listed are residents of the borough, some having lived there for forty-five years.

"GENERAL" TO CONVICTS.

Salvation Army Leader Brightens Prison
Chapel with Words of Hope.

General Booth demonstrated the wide humanity of his mission yesterday by paying a visit to Ayr Prison, and there delivering a characteristic address to over a hundred of the inmates.

He took them into his confidence at once, and rapidly won them with his sympathy.

"Last night," he said, "I addressed my friends, the ladies and gentlemen of Ayr. You are equally my friends, and in spite of your present unhappy circumstances, there is nothing to prevent your reforming, under God's blessing, and eventually meeting me in Heaven."

TRAIN WRECKS TRAMCAR.

Ten People Killed and Many Injured in a
Terrible Collision.

News of another serious railway disaster, accompanied by loss of life, has reached New York.

The scene of the accident is Butte City, the capital of Montana, from which place a dispatch has been received (says the Central News) of a terrible collision between a freight train and a tramcar.

No fewer than ten people were killed outright, and thirty others were injured.

FAMOUS BASUTO CHIEF.

Death of Lerothodi, Whose Offer of 50,000
Warriors to Great Britain Was Declined.

There died on Saturday, says a Reuter telegram from Alival North, Lerothodi, the paramount chief of the Basutos, who ruled over about 250,000 people.

Lerothodi (pronounced Lorlort) possessed great influence in Basutoland and the surrounding country, and during the last few years of his long rule was one of the most loyal dependents of the British Throne.

His intense hatred of the Boers led him to offer 50,000 Basuto soldiers during the late war, but they were declined.

Frightened at a passing motor-car, a cabhorse yesterday bolted round Piccadilly-circus, careered down Waterloo-place, and finally jumped down the Duke of York's Steps in three bounds. It was pulled up by the rails in St. James's Park.

NAUGHTY BOYS HYPNOTISED.

Juvenile Cigarette Smokers To Be
Judicially Mesmerised.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Monday.—Hypnotism as a means to reform juvenile criminals is to be tried as an experiment at the forthcoming session of the Denver (Colorado) Courts.

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, who has studied hypnotism for several years, is now prepared to test its efficiency in the Denver Juvenile Court.

His method of hypnotic reform is simple. A boy suffering from the cigarette habit will be placed in a high-backed chair facing the Judge, who will put him into a hypnotic sleep, and then say to him: "It is injurious for you to smoke, and you must stop. You do not care, anyway."

If successful, the method will be tried upon all sorts of criminals.

KING EDWARD AND "C.B."

His Majesty and the Leader of the Opposition
in Close Converse at Marienbad.

Prominent among the distinguished Englishmen who, like King Edward, resort to Marienbad for the annual cure is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

His Majesty and the leader of the Opposition met on the promenade between Kreuzbrunnen and Ferdinand Brunnen last Sunday, and the King and the possible future Premier of England then walked up and down in conversation for some minutes.

As the crowd at Marienbad has satisfied its curiosity, King Edward is now able to walk about unmolested, shopping in the morning on the public promenade, and dining in the evening on the forested heights rising a thousand feet above the town.

DEATH OF A PEER.

Earl of Romney Passes Away at His
Daughter's Norfolk Home.

The death took place yesterday, at East Dereham, Norfolk—the home of his daughter, Lady Florence Hare—of the Earl of Romney.

He was the fourth earl, he was born in 1841, and married Lady Frances Muir-Campbell-Rawdon Hastings, daughter of the second Marquis of Hastings, in 1863.

He succeeded his father, the third Earl, in 1874, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Marsham, born in 1864.

The late peer was for several years Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and occupied the presidency of the Marine Society.

MRS. VANDERBILT, SKIPPER.

Leader of American Society Buys a Graceful
Herreshoff Yacht Which She Will Sail.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt is the first of American society women to become the owner and "skipper" of a racing yacht.

The yacht is one of the fast new thirty-footers built by Herreshoff, so it is probable that it will enable its fair owner to win some of the handsome prizes sailed for in American waters.

It is expected that other fashionable ladies will follow Mrs. Vanderbilt's example.

AIRSHIP'S FINE FLIGHT.

Motor-Car Outpaced in a Trip Lasting
Nearly an Hour.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mr. A. R. Knabenshue yesterday gave an exhibition of the capabilities of his airship, starting from Central Park.

The first trial was unsuccessful, but at the second the airship rose a thousand feet, sailed down Broadway for twenty blocks, and settled down over the tower that dominates the "New York Times" building. Mr. Knabenshue then put about and returned to his starting-point.

The trip lasted fifty-four minutes, and the airship was under perfect control, rising as high as 1,500 feet.—Laffan.

DANES WELCOME BRITISH FLEET.

ESBJERG, Monday.—Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson went on shore shortly before half-past eleven this morning, and was received on landing by the British Vice-Consul.

The Danish and British flags are flying on many buildings and houses in the town and on the ships in the harbour. Thousands of excursionists are visiting the fleet to-day.—Reuter.

PEACE OR WAR?

Momentous Question Likely To Be
Decided To-day.

BLACK OUTLOOK.

Peace or war? The question will in all probability be settled to-day, and the eyes of the world are directed to the little New Hampshire town of Portsmouth, where the Russian and Japanese delegates are sitting.

Will President Roosevelt's intervention be successful in removing the deadlock which has arisen over the two vital questions—the payment of an indemnity by Russia and the cession of Saghalien to Japan? The possibility of Mr. Roosevelt being successful in getting the plenipotentiaries to arrange terms is the only ray of light in the dismal outlook. If he fails a million soldiers in Manchuria, waiting anxiously for the turn of events, will soon be plunged again into the horrors of war. Which is it to be?

RUPTURE THOUGHT CERTAIN.

M. Witte Declares Japan's Demands Not Only
Unjust But Insulting.

PARIS, Monday.—The "Matin" publishes a telegram from Portsmouth giving an account of an interview with M. Witte.

The Russian statesman expressed his gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt for his efforts to bring the negotiations to a successful end, but declared that the difference between Russia and Japan regarding Saghalien and the indemnity was so great, that no agreement could be reached.

M. Witte regarded the Japanese demands as not merely unjust, but insulting. An improvement in the situation would only be possible if Japan renounced them. Russia could never accept any compromise on these two points.

On the other hand, a Japanese delegate authorised the "Matin's" correspondent to state that Japan would alter her conditions in no way.

A rupture is regarded as certain, adds the correspondent. Mr. Roosevelt's intervention can have no influence at St. Petersburg.—Reuter.

SAILING HOME TO-MORROW.

PORTSMOUTH, Monday.—A somewhat pessimistic feeling prevails here to-day, and Professor Martens is reported to have predicted that the missions will start homewards on Wednesday.

M. Brichaninoff, the well-known Russian publicist, who is in touch with the mission, is represented to have said with regard to this question: "As an anti-militarist, I find it would be in entire conformity with the dignity of Russia to submit the questions in dispute to The Hague Tribunal, and thus increase the splendour of that institution, which should become, for the welfare of humanity, the organ of conscience of the nations."—Reuter.

WHAT DID MR. ROOSEVELT PROPOSE?

PORTSMOUTH, Monday.—It is announced that President Roosevelt's proposition to Baron von Rosen dealt with arbitration. It is not known whether arbitration was proposed on all the articles, but it is thought more likely to relate only to the indemnity question, and possibly to Saghalien also.—Reuter.

Another Reuter dispatch says most of the newspaper correspondents believe that President Roosevelt offered to act as mediator.

To this statement M. Witte has thought it necessary to issue a denial.

SIGNIFICANT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—Prince Khilkoff starts to-night for Manchuria, to supervise the transport for the coming campaign.—Laffan.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Arthur Jolly, a chauffeur, of London, and another chauffeur, from Paris, have been drowned while boating on Lake Zuerich.

An Austrian lady of title, attached to the Royal Opera at Dresden, has won the valuable prize offered by a Dresden firm for the best recipe for making coffee.

Describing at New York the suicide of three China stokers who jumped overboard in the Indian Ocean, the captain of the Sagma said that, "accused by Oriental devilry, they decided on a new form of desertion."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally southerly to westerly winds; cloudy and unsettled; rain at times; mild.

Lighting-up time: 8.7 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough generally.

FREAKS OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

Stampede Among Hunters and
Injury to a Queen.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

The motor-car has furnished an unusual number of sensations.

In Italy the Queen-Mother Margherita was upset and injured; in Warwickshire a runaway car ran among a large number of horses belonging to the Warwickshire Hunt; and in Kent an exciting encounter took place between an armed motorcyclist and six footpads.

The Warwickshire incident was of the most extraordinary kind.

Forty hunters had been taken out for exercise to get them into condition in view of the approaching season. They were returning to Kineton, the headquarters of the hunt, when a motor-car descending Edge Hill got beyond control through the brakes giving way. It rushed into the troop of horses from behind. Some of the valuable animals were injured by actual contact with the car, others in the stampede which followed. The rest broke away and galloped over the country in all directions.

One animal was so injured as to have to be killed by the men in charge. Two or three of the latter sustained serious injuries.

"Road Hog" Crusader.

The attacking force seems to have fared little better, the car being smashed and the two occupants—a Mr. Barnard and his friend on their way to Birmingham—being badly knocked about.

A curious feature of the incident is that Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Master of the Hunt, is the leader of a county crusade against "road hogs," having, with other prominent gentlemen, formed the Warwickshire Roads Protection Association.

The gradient of Edge Hill is in some parts one in six; in fact, on account of its length and steepness it was selected two years ago as a suitable spot for the All-England hill climbing trials for motor-cars.

Queen Overturned.

The accident to Queen Margherita had happily no grave results. According to the Central News her Majesty's car ran into a heap of stones in the road near St. Bernard.

The car was overturned, and her Majesty sustained some bruises.

Two men responsible for piling the stones in the road were arrested.

Queen Margherita, who is in her fifty-fourth year, was formerly much opposed to motor-car driving, but has for some time past been devoted to it.

MOTORIST AND FOOTPADS.

Six Ruffians Attack an Armed Cyclist on a
Kentish Road.

A daring band of footpads has made the dark strip of road between Chatham and Maidstone the most dangerous spot in England. Only last week a soldier was pulled off his bicycle there and robbed. But a similar attack on a motor-cyclist, Mr. H. Payne, of Maidstone, has failed, owing to the fact that Mr. Payne was armed.

Mr. Payne's machine was stopped on Sunday night by six determined men, who laughed at his revolver, saying it was empty, and struck him two severe blows on the head. After firing into the air as a warning, Mr. Payne aimed point-blank at the ruffians as they rushed at him, wounding in the hand one man, who has been conveyed to hospital.

PETROL EXPLOSION.

At a motor-car and cycle works in Thames-street, Slaines, on Sunday night, the manager, Charles Bennett, was repairing the petrol tank of a motor-car with the aid of a lighted candle, which came in contact with the fumes of the petrol and caused an explosion. The front of the shop was blown out, and Bennett rushed out enveloped in flames. The unfortunate man lies in a serious condition.

Farmers near Pilling, Lancashire, complain that it is impossible to grow anything within 100 yards of the main road on account of dust caused by motor-cars.

BATHING ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"I hope you will allow my French friend to go home with a clean sheet," observed E. J. Chipperfield when charged, with a French visitor named Jaquet, with bathing without a costume at Lowestoft.

Mr. Chipperfield has been a beach-bather for about forty-two years, and said the place was screened. Despite the fact that the Bench were reminded of the entente cordiale they fined each 2s. 6d.

CHARMING SAND CITY.

Sir Henry Irving's Good Wishes to
Little Scarborough Builders.

The interest in the *Daily Mirror* Sand Castle Competition increases every day.

Scarborough was evidence of that yesterday, when the children of that beautiful resort tried their skill at beach architecture, and the yellow-jerseyed *Mirror* boys were kept busy selling papers to the youthful competitors and their many friends.

Sir Henry Irving was asked to attend, but sent the following message to the *Daily Mirror*:—

Best thanks. Much regret not in power to accept invitation this afternoon. All good wishes.—Henry Irving.

A fine stretch of sand had been set apart for the competition, just below the Spa. By twelve o'clock it had been divided up into a series of pitches by the sand plough. Immediately the children set to work with grim earnestness to win the prize. The little architects designed and dug the foundations for most elaborate structures. All round the roped-in enclosure and along the Spa sat hundreds of spectators watching the scene.

Busily the work went on, and miniature castles and churches rose, until by three o'clock the last stretch of sand had been converted into a sand city.

Councillors Boyes and Sinfeld, who acted as judges after mature deliberation, managed to select the best three buildings.

Their awards were:—

First prize: Clever copy of Scarborough Castle and Marine Drive, Percy Potter, Marlborough-road, Sheffield.

Second: W. Steer, White-street, Derby.

Third: Marjory Hawley, 74, Westborough, Scarborough.

The Mayoress of Scarborough presented the prizes.

To-morrow a castle-building contest will be held at Blackpool, and another will take place at Southport on Friday.

STRANDED TRIPPERS.

Bristol Holiday-Makers Prisoners Over Sunday
in a Quiet Wayside Town.

An amusing, if not wholly pleasant, adventure befell a party of Bristol excursionists who visited Portsmouth this week.

They concluded an enjoyable day by missing their last train, and about thirty of them decided to travel by the mail, which, however, only took them as far as Templecombe, the country-side junction station of the L. and S.W. Railway and the Somerset and Dorset line, hoping to go over the latter line on Sunday morning.

But the Somerset and Dorset Railway authorities have a respect for the Sabbath. They run no Sunday trains. Not until yesterday could those excursionists return.

At the same time Templecombe has not enjoyed so merry a Sunday for many a long month.

WATER FAMINE IN WALES.

Thousands of People Relying on Meagre
Springs.Because Reservoirs Are Inadequate.

Four thousand persons in the rising Welsh colliery centre of Bargoed, near Merthyr, are suffering severely from a water famine.

The reservoirs of the water company are quite inadequate to supply the district, and the people have to make shift with the little water obtained from meagre local springs and collected in tanks for distribution.

The position is one which causes much anxiety and alarm, and Dr. W. Jones, the medical officer for the district, is greatly concerned at the serious state of affairs.

PROFESSOR WHO FOUGHT PIRATES.

Captain Montague Burrows, R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, who, whilst in the Navy, saw active service in the Levant in 1840, and against the Malay pirates, left estate of the gross value of £42,707.

To his servant, Ellen Strecks, should she be in his service at his death, he bequeathed £400.

DIED AT HIS POST.

When signalman Kerry, aged forty, employed in the Lockwood Crossing Box, Wicker (Sheffield), failed to respond to a call from the next box, the signals were kept at danger and relief was sent at once. Kerry was found ill, and he died at his post. Pathetic as this case is, it illustrates the security which the present system of signalling provides for the travelling public.

DEARER FOOD.

Bacon, Sardines, Butter and Cheese,

All Rise in Price.

HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEMS.

The sad news has to be told that provisions generally are much dearer, and this state of affairs is likely to continue rather than change for the better.

In the first place, bacon has risen, and the average man, already severely handicapped by slackness of trade, will have the mournful reflection, while sitting down to breakfast, that the crisp rasher has reached the price when it is almost a luxury.

The bacon that is affected the most is the fine brand that comes from Ireland. This is a penny a pound more, and the advance extends to all "cuts" with the exception of "gammon," which, being a slow-selling article at this time of the year, remains the same.

Irish bacon is chiefly eaten by the middle and higher classes; the working man principally consumes Danish and pea-fed bacon.

The latter, also, will be called upon to pay more for the indispensable rasher—three-farthings a pound in the case of pea-fed and a halfpenny a pound in the case of Danish.

Short Supply Responsible.

It is all the fault of the markets. There is a shortage of supply, and so the price goes up. The American exporter finds that he needs more for home consumption and sends as little as possible abroad, thus hardening the market.

The Irish producer breeds fewer pigs because he finds it pays better, and the commercial Dane takes advantage of both circumstances by declaring an advance on his own brand. And so the poor consumer suffers.

If the citizen in despair says he will do without bacon and content himself with bread and butter and a sardine for breakfast, he finds to his dismay that butter is from a penny to three half-pence a pound dearer, and sardines a penny to twopence a box more.

He asks his grocer the reason and is told that as regards butter there is practically none in cold storage, and that dry pastures have diminished the output. In respect to sardines, the failure of the fishing season has made the available supply more precious.

"Oh, then, I will have dry bread and cheese," he may be imagined as exclaiming.

But not so fast, the prime Canadian that so particularly suits his palate he discovers is from a half-penny to a penny a pound dearer.

"What then am I to eat?" we can fancy as his last bitter wail, and the only consolation that he is offered him is "eat pickles!"

Pickles have not risen!

BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Continental Dyers and Cleaners Pay a Visit
to London.

As a sequel to a trip made to the Continent by a party of English dyers and cleaners last year, seven Belgians, two Italians, a Portuguese, and twenty Frenchmen engaged in the same industry, are now visiting London.

Yesterday they were taken over the extensive works of Mr. Achille Serre, at Hackney Wick, and were greatly interested by Mr. Serre's fluent description in French of the various processes of renovation.

After lunch in the City, the visitors inspected Dainty's works at Deptford.

ROBBED AT THE ZOO.

American Visitor Captures a Thief in the
Monkey-House.

Mr. James Frake, of Chicago, accompanied by two ladies and a little girl, paid a visit last Saturday to the Zoological Gardens.

In the monkey-house there was a considerable crowd, and he requested George Guest, aged twenty-two, a bookmaker's clerk, to allow his little girl to get a nearer view. Almost immediately he missed his gold watch.

He called out "Thief!" and Guest commenced to run, but, descending some steps, slipped, and was given into custody.

At Marylebone yesterday Guest begged to be leniently dealt with, but, as he had been previously convicted many times for similar thefts, he was awarded three months' hard labour.

"PROVERBS."

The reasons assigned for the failure of "Symonds' London Stores" are the numerous actions that have been brought against the company owing to the "Proverbs" competitions and bad trade.

Mr. H. E. Burgess, the Assistant Receiver, has issued a statement to the creditors and shareholders showing liabilities £10,781, and assets £3,892.

THE ARTISTIC LIFE.

Vivid Studio Sketches in "The Duffer"
at the Comedy Theatre.

There is plenty of "art" in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's play, "The Duffer," produced at the Comedy Theatre last night, for it is all about painters, and the action passes entirely in studios.

There is also a good deal of artlessness in the way the story is told.

"The Duffer," played by Mr. Grossmith himself, is a hopelessly bad painter, the butt of the Royal Academy Art School, where the first scene is laid.

He is also a hopelessly unsuccessful squire of dames (all in the most honourable way). He is always proposing to the women of his acquaintance and being rejected, and telling everybody all about it.

At last he settles down to married life with a pretty little model, played most attractively by Miss Rita Jollivet, and gives up all idea of making a name or a fortune by his art.

Mr. Grossmith's pathetic humour may very likely be popular, and he has cast his piece effectively. Miss Gertrude Kingston as a smart Society person, Miss Beryl Faber as an art-student with whom everyone is madly in love, and Mr. Henry Ainley as a kind of up-and-down Raphael (at any rate in appearance) help the piece along very much.

Mr. Ainley has one scene of considerable power, in which he almost destroys a "great" picture he has painted because his love affairs have gone wrong.

Mr. Grossmith knows all about art. He was a painter himself before he became an actor. He knows something, too, about human nature. But as a playwright he has yet a good deal to learn.

BLACK GAME SEASON BEGUN.

Grouse Shows No Tendency To Yield Pre-
eminence in Popular Favour.

Black game shooting has begun; and there is every hope of a splendid season.

Said a leading dealer yesterday, "There is a great demand for this delicacy; in fact, for game of all kinds."

"But grouse is still most popular. Where we sell one brace of black game we should sell about a hundred of grouse."

CANNY VOLUNTEERS.

Scotsmen Refuse to Attend the Royal Review
at Edinburgh at Their Own Expense.

It seems, at present, as if the great review of Scottish Volunteers, which King Edward is to hold at Edinburgh, will be a failure.

The question of expenses is the main difficulty. Unless the War Office increases its grant, some 10,000 Glasgow Volunteers will be unable to appear, as their commanding officers cannot afford the £150 or £200 which they would have to find. The Aberdeen commanding officers have taken up the same position.

Moreover, the Great North of Scotland Railway has announced that it cannot undertake to provide travelling facilities to Volunteers on the Sunday immediately preceding the day of the review.

WATERWAYS' NEW ERA.

Daily Service of Motor Craft from Basing-
stoke to Aldershot.

With a quicker and regular daily service of motor craft for the conveyance of merchandise and passengers from Basingstoke to Aldershot, Mr. William Carter, of Parkstone, near Bournemouth, who has just bought the old Woking and Basingstoke Canal, hopes to divert traffic once more to that waterway.

The course of the canal, he stated in an interview yesterday, lies through flourishing villages and small towns. He hoped, he said, to number farmers amongst his principal customers, and added that pleasure trips might also be run in the future.

It has been suggested to Mr. Carter that the canal might be abolished, and its bed utilised as the route for a light railway track.

IN THEIR OLD GARDEN.

Allowed to leave the Norwich Workhouse to visit some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who are both nearly eighty years of age, went to their old allotment near to their former residence.

Soon afterwards they were found with their throats cut. Both were removed to the hospital in a dying condition.

Whilst running behind a cab at Newcastle a boy, named Davidson, caught his foot in the wheel and was hurled over so violently that he broke his neck.

MILLIONAIRE'S WOOLING.

Steel Magnate Charmed by a
Female Hairdresser.

SECRET WEDDING.

A romantic love story from Chicago is brought close to our doors by the arrival yesterday at Liverpool of Mr. Quin W. Potter, a steel millionaire, and his bride.

The pair had occupied the most luxurious state-rooms on the Oceanic, but had kept themselves apart from their fellow-passengers with a degree of care that piqued the curiosity of all on board. As soon as they arrived at Liverpool they made a hurried departure for the Lake District, where the rest of the honeymoon is to be spent.

The story of Mr. Potter's wooing is an unusually romantic one. His wife was a Mrs. Bell, a beautiful woman, who had been three times married, and had divorced two husbands. At the time she was engaged in the lowly occupation of a masseuse and hairdresser in one of the principal toilet rooms of the Windy City.

Mr. Potter came under the professional care of the pretty assistant. He observed the whiteness and delicacy of the hand that shampooed him; was charmed with the soft voice that begged the tedium of the operation with light conversation; and was bewitched by the beauty of the fair operator's face.

Secret Marriage.

He returned again and again to the saloon, and, finally, proposed and was accepted. As he had amassed millions in the steel trade, and had thus a ready passport to the "best society of Chicago," the news of his engagement caused something of a stir. Mr. Potter was a widower with three daughters and a son, and, naturally, they strenuously opposed the idea of the marriage.

To avoid unpleasantness and publicity Mr. Potter decided to adopt secret methods. While in New York he took his intended wife for what was supposed to be a casual morning carriage drive. During the drive he called at a paragon, where the nuptial knot was tied, and then drove away to the docks to board the outgoing Oceanic.

So hurried was the departure that Mrs. Potter left half her frocks behind. She had only twelve trunks full on the steamer—a terribly short allowance for a millionaire's bride. So close was the race against time that the man who brought the twelve trunks on board was carried out to sea, and had to be sent back by a special tug.

Mrs. Potter distinguished herself on the voyage by wearing the most enormous diamonds and other jewels.

GLORIOUS ENGLISHWOMEN.

Adverse Comments Evokes Glowing Tributes
from American Tourists.

Do Englishwomen lack womanliness and refinement?

The Hon. Timothy Sullivan, who has just returned to New York from a European trip, says that he was shocked because Englishwomen were not more refined in appearance.

Happily, the majority of American tourists hold different views.

"A glimpse of a beautiful English girl in a passing hansom is worth crossing the Atlantic for," said Mr. Ernest Stevens to the *Daily Mirror* at the Hotel Cecil yesterday.

"There is no more entrancing sight in the world than an audience of fashionably gowned Englishwomen at the theatre."

Mr. Gordon Boyd, a Chicago journalist, says he has found Englishwomen most refined in manner and appearance. "Her features are fine, and she has what we should describe in America as a 'peaches and cream' complexion."

"The glory of an Englishwoman in evening dress is not to be surpassed," is the verdict of Mr. F. G. Moloney, a prominent American athlete.

DANCING WIDOW.

After burying her husband last Saturday, Mrs. Milson, of Hermitage-street, Wapping, so drowned her sorrows in drink that she was discovered, later in the day, dancing wildly in the High-street.

"You are a nice sort of widow," said the magistrate to her yesterday. "Pay 10s. 6d., or go to prison for seven days."

NO REDRESS FOR BROKEN WINDOW.

"What is the good of taking out a summons against a boy eight years old for breaking a window?" asked Mr. Clier at Worship-street yesterday.

"Then I will take one out against his father," said the applicant. But the magistrate decided otherwise, saying parents were not liable for the misdeeds of their children.

TIRED OF LIFE.

Depressed Mother Tries to Kill Her Child
by Turned-on Gas Jet.

"I have murdered my child," gasped out Mrs. Lucy White, of St. John's Wood, as she staggered into the nearest police-station at midnight on Sunday, and collapsed on to a seat. When, however, the police visited her home the child was found still alive.

"At eight o'clock last night," confessed the mother, "I deliberately turned on the gas in the front bedroom, with the intention of doing away with myself and my child."

When Mrs. White was brought before Mr. Paul Taylor, at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, she was in a state of pitiful distress.

She is about middle age, was respectfully dressed, and evidently a woman of delicate health and a keenly sensitive nature.

Dr. Johnson, of Marlborough-hill, who had examined her, said he found her in a greatly agitated state. She told him she had frequently turned on the gas. She had had so much trouble, she said, that she was tired of life.

She had been attended for five years by Dr. M. Smith, who informed the Court that for a long time she had been suffering from serious depression, and he was not surprised when he heard of what had occurred.

Mr. Paul Taylor committed the woman for trial.

POLITE THIEVES.

Help Themselves to Coin and Jewellery at a
Seaside Hotel.

Staying at the Clifton Hotel, Teignmouth, were two gentlemen who made themselves agreeable to a Mrs. Dickenson and her daughter and nephew. On Friday, when the ladies said they were going for a drive across the moor, the nephew pleaded indisposition, but the pleasant strangers persuaded him to go.

The party having driven off, the two gentlemen suddenly announced their immediate departure, and proceeded to pack, with the help of the upstairs attendants. One of the polite visitors left the room, and it was afterwards discovered that money and jewellery had been taken from Mrs. Dickenson's room.

Paying their bills, the men departed, and it is now stated that their descriptions agree with those of two men who robbed a similar establishment at Teignmouth last year.

LONG ARM OF JUSTICE.

Ex-Sergeant-Major Accidentally Recognises
Soldier-Thief of Years Ago.

Ex-Sergeant-Major Cooke, of the Yorkshire Royal Garrison Artillery Militia, was walking in Scarborough, when he recognised a man named Edwin Bailey, "wanted" for having stolen £3 in postal orders from Scarborough Barracks three years ago.

Cooke called a constable and had Bailey arrested. Yesterday he was sent to prison for two months.

LIKE "GOODY TWO SHOES."

Self-Invited Guest Arrested When About to
Test the Comfort of a Third Bed.

Strange conduct and a fastidious taste in regard to beds, like that of Goody Two-shoes in the fairy tale when she visited the bears, were credited to John Hickling at Nottingham yesterday.

On Saturday night he audaciously entered a strange house, undressed, and got into one of the beds. He evidently found it too-hard for his comfort, so he tried another bed, but that failed to meet his requirements.

In another room he discovered a bed that suited him, and was about to fall asleep when he was interrupted on a charge of entering the place with felonious intent.

He was remanded by the magistrates.

HER ONE DELUSION.

Lady, Owner of 1,000 Empty Chlorodyne
Bottles, "Thought Peep's Were Honest."

Miss Catherine Harroft sued her sister, Mrs. Gordon, the wife of a solicitor, at the West London Police Court yesterday to recover certain pictures, etc., valued at £14.

Mr. Lewis, barrister, defended, and in cross-examination asked the plaintiff if she suffered from delusions, to which she replied, "I have only suffered from one delusion—that I thought people were honest."

It was stated that she was addicted to the drug habit, no fewer than 1,000 empty chlorodyne bottles being found in a cupboard. The magistrate dismissed the summons.

Catching his foot in a cab wheel a Newcastle boy was killed yesterday.

EAGER MERMAID.

Miss Kellermann Counting the Hours
Till To-morrow's Great Swim.

READY TO START.

Dover hummed with the talk of Channel-swimming yesterday. All five swimmers, with a legion of friends, had arrived, and throughout the day upon the front little groups were to be seen eagerly discussing weather probabilities, tides, and so on.

Montague Holbein had intended starting at four o'clock in the afternoon, but at that hour the sea had not sufficiently moderated. He is very fit and well, and declares that if necessary he will stay in the water thirty-six or even forty-eight hours. At present, as arrangements go, with the all-important proviso, "weather permitting," the five contestants will start in the following order:—

Horace Mew, the amateur captain of the Shanklin Swimming Club, from Admiralty Pier, at two o'clock this morning.

Wolfe, from Lydden Spout, about the same hour.

Holbein, from Lydden Spout, between four and five in the afternoon.

Miss Kellermann and Burgess, at about two o'clock to-morrow morning, from Lydden Spout.

Mew, the first starter, is an extremely modest, unassuming man of thirty-five years of age. He is paying all his own expenses, and is using a 25ft. yawl of the type used by Webb for an accompanying craft.

Out for a Dip.

In the forenoon yesterday, with the exception of Wolfe, all the swimmers were out for a dip. Holbein and Burgess were together in the water for some time, with Jarvis and Faith, who will accompany Holbein.

Miss Kellermann, the Australian who is attempting the tremendous task for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, was out as usual before breakfast. The nineteen-year-old girl is perfectly fit now; her skin is like satin, and her eyes have the glow of superb condition.

When she starts at two to-morrow morning she will wear a two-ounce black silk costume, with goggles and cap, and will be covered with a preparation of lard and resin. She will be accompanied by the tug Champion, upon which will be a doctor, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Kellermann's masseuse, and a hospital nurse. Previous to the start she will be thoroughly massaged.

The course she will steer will be from Lydden Spout, near Dover, to a point one and half miles south-westward of the South Sands Lightship on the first tide, and on the second she will endeavour to reach a mark within Cape Griznez.

"I have never been in better condition," she told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and I shall put forth all my powers of swimming and of endurance in order to get across."

The local interest in Miss Kellermann is far greater than that shown concerning all the other swimmers together. A dozen times she was stopped while walking on the front yesterday.

"You're Miss Kellermann, aren't you, miss?" people asked. "Yes, I'm Annette Kellermann," was the hesitating answer.

"We do so hope you'll have good luck and get across," was the devout wish that invariably followed.

BORE A CHARMED LIFE.

Again and Again a Man Tries in Vain To
Kill Himself.

How determined to die Robert Ashton was may be judged from the fact that, when an attempt to drown himself by holding his head in a pail of water failed, he threatened to hang himself, and then cut his throat and plunged a knife into his body.

These desperate acts occurred after he had given evidence at a police court against a woman who had attacked him with an axe.

For weeks he had lain in a critical condition at Preston, and his depositions had been taken, but yesterday he was well enough to be committed for trial.

GOLD, WAR, AND CIGARETTES.

Formerly a gold-digger in South Africa, Mr. P. M. Lamson, a son of Sir C. G. Lamson, after serving in the Transvaal war, entered the cigarette trade.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, when the winding-up of his estate was decreed, he attributed his position chiefly to losses in his business.

TWO ROOMS FOR 2s. 6d. WEEKLY.

An ejectment order was granted at Highgate yesterday to a woman who said her lodgers would not pay their rent, which was only half a crown a week for two rooms.

INFATUATED GIRL

Accused of Stealing Money to Take
Her Sweetheart to Theatres.

A remarkable story of a girl's attachment to a young man and the extraordinary lengths to which her devotion led her was listened to by the Newcastle magistrates yesterday.

Pretty and well dressed, Sarah Ann Lloyd appeared in the dock to answer a charge of breaking into the house of Mrs. Charlton, her former mistress, and stealing various sums of money.

Mrs. Charlton had recently missed things, and accordingly installed a detective in her absence for one day from home. The officer heard someone enter with a key and caught Lloyd.

At first the Bench could obtain no explanation as to the motive which had induced the girl to enter the house, but a tradesman came forward and said he believed her sweetheart was at the bottom of it.

Then it came out that Lloyd's fiancé was a young man of whom the girl's parents disapproved; but she had remained loyal to him, and, so the superintendent of the police stated yesterday in corroboration of the tradesman's story, had also paid for part of the lodgings and treated her lover to theatres and cafés.

Lloyd, who tearfully admitted that she gained access to the house with a key she took some time ago when in Mrs. Charlton's service, was remanded, the Bench being desirous of obtaining further information regarding the young man, who was stated to be a clerk at the Elswick Works.

ONLY ONE PENNY LEFT.

Disabled After Working Forty Years for One
Employer Old Man Gives Way to Despair.

After working for forty years for one employer, William Lake, of Euston-square, at the age of seventy-one, met with an accident that disabled him.

After leaving the infirmary he went into the workhouse, but called on his landlord, saying that he should go mad if he remained there.

So the landlord let him have a room, and the old man fell so sadly in arrears that with only one penny in his pocket, he hanged himself.

The landlord told the coroner that, to his knowledge, Lake had not received any assistance from the man for whom he had worked so long.

CAPTURED BY BOATHOOK.

Fugitive from Justice Ignominiously Hauled
Out of the Thames.

Observing two men driving across Chelsea Bridge in a trap to which the horse was improperly harnessed, a detective approached to make a closer inspection.

The two men thereupon lashed the horse into a gallop, but were stopped before they cleared the bridge. Jumping out of the trap one man raced vainly down the road, while the other leaped into the Thames.

He was a strong swimmer, but the police followed him along the Embankment, and drew him out at last with a boathook, as he grew exhausted by the weight of his clothes.

Both men—Albert Thompson and Frederick Spenden—were yesterday remanded on the charge of stealing the horse and trap from a stable in Clapham Park-road.

KILLED BY A LEGACY.

Poor Widow, Inheriting £521, Squanders in
Drink £120 in a Year.

To Mrs. Mary Ahern, a poor widow living with her child at 43, Devonshire-street, Holborn, the legacy of some property worth £521, which she received four years ago, must have seemed a gift from Heaven.

In point of fact, the money was her ruin. Merely during the last twelve months she spent nearly £120 upon intoxicating liquor, with the result, as was revealed at the inquest yesterday, that she died of excessive alcoholism.

Happily £200 remains at the bank to provide for her little boy, aged ten.

"ANSWERS"

GIVES

£500 Away This Week.

SEE PAGE 16 TO-DAY AND
SHARE THE "ANSWERS" GOLD.

'THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.'

Popular Novelist on What He Calls
Taking a Rest.

JOYS OF THE ALPS.

This morning we publish Mr. Frankfort Moore's view of the best kind of holiday, which will be read with much amusement. Those who know his excellent novels will be sceptical about his writing them quite so easily as he says.

Eastbourne.

As I am just now passing one of the most delightful holidays of my life, it only adds to the enjoyment of my period of leisure to describe my dietary.

A thoroughly modern hotel, with an imaginative cook and a look out on the Channel—I want nothing better to start with.

I rise every morning at eight, and breakfast heartily at 8.45, reading two newspapers immediately afterwards.

At ten I stroll out in the sunshine with a writing-pad and a good pen, and, sitting in a perfectly unshaded nook, I write 2,000 words of a novel.

On one I play the part of a lion and tiger, on alternate days, prowling on the sand, for the benefit of a little girl greatly interested in feline.

At 1.30 I lunch with discretion.

At 2.15 I resume my writing until 4.30, when I am called on to double the parts of a monkey and a crocodile for the same young person, who is a severe critic on the habits of both simian and saurian.

At five I enjoy some tea, and correct a bundle of proofs until 7.30, when I dine. At nine I resume writing until 11.30, when I go to bed.

Being usually rather busy, I need scarcely say that I thoroughly enjoy these two months of grateful leisure.

The only shadow upon the pleasant landscape of my holiday comes with the thought that all too soon I must return to town and do some work.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, the distinguished journalist writes:—

I am no authority on holidays, as I never get any, but when I was able to take a month or so every year, the conviction was borne in upon me that there is only one kind of holiday suitable to healthy and athletic but sedentary men.

That kind of holiday may be supplied by the kind of sport where the game has a chance as well as the man.

For eleven months in the year the average Londoner requires neither courage nor exceptional endurance in the conduct of life. These qualities, therefore, tend to atrophy in city folk.

The only sport I know available for men of moderate means which hardens will and muscle and restores nerve, is to qualify for the Alpine Club. Yachting and big-game shooting are out of their reach.

Besides restoring their condition, the mental and moral gains from ascending first-class peaks are priceless in warding off inefficiency and slackness. It is well to have proper nails in one's boots.

ARNOLD WHITE.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Worthing—List of
Further Prize-Winners.

For each of four people at Worthing there is half a guinea waiting at the *Daily Mirror* office to-day. Look at the photographic group reproduced on page nine and see if your portrait is there. If it is you may be among the lucky ones.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Brighton are as follows:—

BRIGHTON.

Mr. Jock Fraser, Full Moon Hotel, Boyces-street, Brighton.

Mr. John Quinlan, Park, 43, Devonshire-street, Islington, London, N.

Mrs. H. Marks, 15, Oriental-place, Brighton.

Miss Florence Baker, 112, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

PART 12 OUT TO-DAY. 4d.

**Harmsworth
Encyclopædia.**

BACK NUMBERS ALWAYS ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSVENDORS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Compared with an average of 900 empty houses in Brixton ten years ago, the number has now risen to 3,000, representing a loss in rates of £23,000.

In a case of drunkenness at Stratford yesterday the policeman who gave evidence was named Drinkwater, and he said he found the defendant at Pump Hill.

Official figures just issued show that since the passing of the Education Act in 1872 the number of schools in Scotland has increased from 1,979 to 3,189, with an attendance of 783,565 scholars.

Not only does the Rev. Vernon Lane Guise, rector of Stopham, near Pulborough (Sussex), conduct the services in his church single-handed, but he also acts as bell-ringer, Sunday-school teacher, leader of the singing, and organist.

Out of consideration for the staff, the Malton (Yorkshire) Guardians have allocated the Sunday dinner of roast beef at the workhouse to Thursday. Cold bacon will be partaken of on the Sabbath, and extra cooking will thus be obviated.

For a week's manoeuvres under service conditions the whole of the Royal Horse, Field, and Garrison Artillery of the Aldershot Army Corps, numbering twenty-seven batteries and 130 guns, under the command of Major-General Eustace, left yesterday for Frensham.

Erected nearly a century ago at a cost of £10,000 Yarmouth's windmill, the highest in England, the site of which is wanted for building purposes, has just been sold for £100.

The house occupied by Oliver Cromwell during his stay in Ely has been purchased by a local clergyman.

In the district of Holt, near Wrexham, a noted damson-growing area, there will be only about a quarter of the usual crop this year.

Some miscreant has broken into the Baptist chapel in Windmill-street, Gravesend, smeared the pulpit with tar and rendered the organ useless.

With unfailing regularity a big dog, who belongs to an inn at Henllan, Cardiganshire, visits Colonel Lewes's seat, half a mile away, twice daily for his meals.

All the local public bodies, political associations, and philanthropic institutions were represented yesterday at the funeral of Sir James Haslett, M.P., in Belfast. The cortege was the largest seen in the city for many years.

Asked, at West Ham yesterday, if he could pay off £251 due on a maintenance order granted to his wife, Edwin Chicken, farm labourer, of Charville, Chelmsford, laughed, and said he just earned his keep. He was sent to gaol for two months.

LADY CURZON IN INDIA.

Lady Curzon, wife of the ex-Viceroy, with the Maharajah of Cashmere, on the way to the new Art Museum at Srinagar, Cashmere. — (From stereograph copyright, 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

Owing to lack of water no boats can get into Blackburn from Leeds or Liverpool by way of the canal.

Wandsworth Trades and Labour Council have decided to ask the L.C.C. to grant half-fare tickets to children under twelve travelling on the tramcars.

Stepney suffered severely from the road-breaking nuisance last year, when the "openings-up" in the borough numbered ninety-one per mile of road.

Of the thirty-six fellows in the hen-roost of Mr. Manton, of the Towers, near Wellington College, Berks, only one survived the raid of a hungry fox.

Only 4s. 6d. was realised at a collection on behalf of the Welsh Educational Revolt Fund in one of the largest Calvinistic Methodist churches in Bangor.

Drawn by four horses a heavy roller was proceeding from Cliffe Fort to Milton Barracks, Gravesend, yesterday, when Gunner John Kenyon, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, trying to jump on the machine, fell in front and was fatally crushed.

"Capable, but lazy," was the description given of a robust-looking man of middle age who came before the Northwich poor-law authorities. He could eat the dinners of ten men, said a guardian, and once when some roadmen had left their hut he had eaten all their food.

Hatfield Nonconformists highly appreciate the action of the rector, Lord William Cecil, in permitting a series of Nonconformist evangelical meetings in a tent pitched on his ground. His lordship has also announced the gatherings from his pulpit, and has shortened the evening service to enable people to attend them.

After an absence of seven years the curious phenomenon known as the "Floating Island," measuring 80yd. by 15yd., has made its appearance on Lake Derwentwater. Vegetable gases, scientists explain, lead to the periodical rising of the island, which generally remains visible for six or seven weeks.

King Edward, through Lord Knollys, has sent his congratulations to Henry Johnson, a Grantham veteran nearly ninety-nine years old, who, when before the public as an acrobat, gave exhibitions before George IV., the late Queen Victoria as a girl, and King Edward himself when Prince of Wales.

Mr. Richard Dean, the well-known authority on horticulture, and secretary of the National Chrysanthemum Society, died yesterday at Ealing in his seventy-seventh year. In recognition of his services to horticulture the Victoria Medal was conferred upon him.

Mr. Will Gray, huntsman to the York and Ainsty Hounds for the last twenty-three years, has just resigned his post on account of ill-health. Altogether he has followed hounds for thirty-seven years.

Having lain buried in the sand where she dropped it twelve months ago, a valuable stud has just been recovered by a lady visitor at Port Talbot, Glamorgan.

General Thomas L. James, a former United States Postmaster-General, and a strong advocate of universal penny postage, is on a visit to London.

Near Charlton Church, Woolwich, the fire brigade was summoned to extinguish a fire burning in the trunk of an old elm-tree.

**IS THERE A
SPIRIT WORLD?**

A Further Collection of Curious
Experiences with the Dead.

To-day's batch of letters contains an interesting piece of evidence to the effect that spirits are sometimes "sensible."

"NEARER THAN IN THE FLESH."

Spirits come to me when I am at all troubled or perplexed in direct answer to prayer.

Some years ago I lost (in the flesh) a very dear friend, about whose spiritual welfare I was most anxious.

I prayed God to give me an assurance of her spiritual safety—through Christ. I also prayed that she might be allowed to "come over."

In direct answer to my prayer she appeared to me at once, telling me not to worry, as she was quite happy, and far nearer to me than she ever would have been in the flesh.

I have seen and heard her constantly since, together with other beautiful spirits, including my father and mother, and others whom, so far, I do not as yet recognise.

MARY E. DAVIES.

MILL-HAND'S LEARNED LECTURE.

"Matter of Fact" asks, "Are there any 'sensible' spirits?" I reply thousands. I have listened to many good and wise lectures given through the lips of totally uneducated mediums.

One such I beg to relate. A woman mill-worker (a medium) undertook to deliver a lecture. The text was chosen by two gentlemen (who did not believe in spirit return) in a private room of the hall, written on a piece of paper, rolled up, and given to the chairman. The chairman read the text, and the lecturer gave the lecture, which was listened to by over two hundred people with the greatest attention.

When the lecturer returned to her normal condition, one of the gentlemen asked her if she had had a classical education. She stared at him and replied in the broad Lancashire dialect, "Why, mon, I dono what ye mean."

Edge-lane, Liverpool.

H. J. CHARLTON.

"SPIRITUALISM OF THE DEVIL."

The whole claim of spiritualism is to prove that the dead are not dead, and that there is no need of a resurrection. This, of course, makes the teaching of the Bible of no avail.

The Bible teaches that the dead are dead; and cannot hold any communication with the living. Spiritualism is therefore of the devil, who has ever tried to turn people from the truth.

Harold-road, N.E.

E. BYRON.

PEACE UNCERTAINTIES.

Stock Exchange Anxiously Awaits the Result
of Portsmouth Deliberations.

CAPET COURT, Monday Evening.—Uncertainty as to the result of the peace negotiations and want of business were responsible for a doubtful tendency which prevailed at the commencement of business in the Stock Markets. Consols opened dull, then rallied, and closed fairly firm at 90½ on the successful issue of Treasury bills, the result being very favourable for the Government. East Indian Railway debenture stock was good at 2½ premium.

There was little of interest in the Home Railway market. Satisfaction was expressed with the Brighton traffic increase of £2,579, but this had no effect on Brighton "A," and prices elsewhere in this market moved within very narrow limits. It was the carry-over day in the new Japanese bonds, and the rate of 3½ per cent. was fairly light. The new scrip was put up to 1 13-16 premium, and the old issues were fairly firm. Paris did not seem disposed to support her favourites, and the tendency was a little heavy, the market not being assisted by the uncertainties concerning the peace negotiations.

Argentine land descriptions were quieter, but well maintained. Dock stocks were disposed to harden. Otherwise there was nothing of interest in the Miscellaneous group.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTMENT (E. E. S., Cambridge): Have nothing to do with them.—THREE SECURITIES (E. H. L.): If you purchase, you must be prepared to see widely-fluctuating dividends. They are not very marketable securities.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1905.

A SUPERIOR PURZON.

THERE is a note of coldness, almost of insincerity, in all the politely-worded lamentations over Lord Curzon's resignation. It is a different chorus, for example, from that which arose when Lord Milner gave up his great office in South Africa.

There is no affection in it, no warmth of feeling. About the retiring Viceroy's work writers and speakers may wax enthusiastic. The man himself calls forth nothing but stereotyped phrases of formal regret.

The truth is that Lord Curzon has never inspired strong personal regard. He is a very able man. He has a wide and firm grasp of the business of a statesman. But he has never troubled to charm those about him by graciousness of manner, or geniality, or humour.

He never loses sight of the fact that he is a Great Man, nor, if he can, does he ever let you lose sight of it either.

When he was at Oxford a witty undergraduate hit him off in a phrase. He was a "superior purzon." He has been growing more and more superior ever since. As Viceroy his superiority has been something to make even the High Gods afraid.

Superior persons are never popular. Most of us are quite ready to admit their talents and to put them into positions where their ability will have full scope. But none of us like them to be always rubbing in the fact that they are far cleverer and more worthy of attention than we.

There are some who contend that pleasant manners and popularity do not matter. "So long as a man is good at his job," they say, "why should he trouble about what people think of him?" But what if, as in this case of Lord Curzon, a useful career is interrupted for lack of a frank, friendly method of dealing with a difficult situation?

Engaging manners are the lubricating oil which makes the Social Machine run easily. However distinguished a man may be, it never does him any harm to be courteous, and unaffected, and modest; to make allowances for and to take an interest in others.

We naturally dislike those who are for ever on a pedestal. We resent their aloofness, and we also feel that there is something absurd in their pretension to be unlike the rest of the world. The difference between them and the ordinary run of human beings is not great enough to justify it.

However clever you fancy yourself, don't force your superiority on the notice of others. They will see it all right—if it is really there.

H. H. F.

THE SORROWFUL WOLF.

Of all the charges one has heard brought against motor-cars the oddest is the statement that they have dealt a heavy blow at the trade in wolves!

The argument lies thus. Before motorizing became fashionable rich and idle people used to keep all kinds of strange pets. Wolves are highly recommended for this purpose. They can even be trained to take sugar from between their owners' lips. (Thanks!)

Now that these same rich and idle people spend their time flashing about in hen-killers the wild animal trade has fallen off. The wolves languish behind bars. No lips with lumps of sugar approach their dens. They can only snarl at the distant "teuf-teuf" and bewail the inconstancy of rich and idle mankind.

Next, please!

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of age to recover.—*Ruskin*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE great social event of this week is the Dublin Horse Show, which opens at Ballsbridge to-day. There is, of course, the usual Viceregal party in Dublin. It is a fairly large one, and the members of it are decidedly younger than has been the case for many years past. They include Lord Coventry and Lord Annaly, and these may be termed the seniors of the party. The others are the newly-wedded Lord and Lady Hyde, Lord Somers, Lord and Lady Ridley, Lady Evelyn Ward, Mr. Harold Brassey (who is in the Blues), Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Hindlip, and Mr. Theodore Flint, and, of course, the Duke of Connaught, who arrived on Saturday with Captain Yarde Buller in charge.

On Thursday night there will be the great concert that Lady Dudley has arranged for the benefit of the Dublin Fifties' Memorial Fund, and she has procured some of the finest amateurs of the day to help her, including Lady Limerick, who is a marvellous pianist; Lady Maud Warrender, who is considered the finest contralto amateur in Eng-

land; and Lord and Lady Somers, who are also very good. But London cabbies are disabused and cynical, and this one calmly answered, "You may be Lord Portsmouth in Devonshire, sir, but you ain't Lord Alnham in here!"

A tragic incident, to set off against Lord Portsmouth's amusing attack upon motor-car traps, is the accident at Newport, which has robbed the famous "mining king," Mr. Thomas Walsh, of his eldest son. Everybody will sympathise with Mr. Walsh in this sudden calamity, for he is popular in American society and with the miners he employs out in Colorado. He is the most democratic of living plutocrats. Near the Camp Bird Mine he erected a luxurious hotel for the use of his men, and later on, when he left Colorado for Washington in order to benefit his wife's health, he kept open house and announced his intention of giving everybody who called upon him "a good time."

At Washington Mr. Walsh's Liberty Hall aroused a good deal of protest. Grave business people, official gentlemen in frock-coats, occasionally found themselves dining or taking tea in the company of Herculean men of labour and people of a distinctly Wild Western aspect. But Mr. Walsh

berlain as assistant-secretary) with the reply, "I'm blown if I know!"

But Lord Amphil's most refreshing exploit occurred at a meeting of the Liberal Union Club, now some eight years ago. Someone in the audience, at that unforgettable meeting, insisted upon interrupting the speakers, so that all business became impossible, and cries of "Turn him out!" resounded through the hall. To those cries Lord Amphil responded. He seized the offender round the waist, while another Liberal Unionist controlled his struggling legs, and removed him by main force, as one might remove a naughty schoolboy, from the room.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHY IT PAYS TO EDUCATE THE POOR.

Is it established beyond doubt that it is the duty of the State to educate children? If so, the State is equally called upon to feed and clothe them: for the care of the mind involves the care of the body.

Yet it is hardly likely that any Government would undertake the colossal responsibility of pushing the present policy to its logical conclusion; and, if it did, there are grave doubts as to the benefit that would result to the nation.

Undoubtedly, the poor have claims to consideration, and private charity should be encouraged; but to relieve parents of the obligation to provide for the mental and physical welfare of their offspring is to remove one of the highest incentives to industry and thrift, and to tax the provident for the benefit of the improvident is a gross injustice.

Shrubland-road, N.E.

A RATEPAYER.

HORSES' SUFFERINGS IN LONDON.

I was unpleasantly struck with some facts in the Home Secretary's reply to Mr. Lough's question in the House the other day, with reference to a horse-keeper who was sentenced for working a horse in an unfit condition.

The statement brought to light the fact that one firm had, in the course of twelve months, 594 notices from the police not to use horses, out of a complement of about 1,000. Of these 190 horses were apparently not allowed to be worked again.

In these days of humanitarian progress, when firms pride themselves upon the condition of their horses, and encourage their drivers to do the same, this seems to me to be a serious matter. There is evidently plenty of work to do for those who devote their interest to the cause of humanity to animals.

118, Victoria-street, S.W. ARTHUR J. COKE.

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

Those who believe that science has destroyed the faith of millions assume that science is on the side of Atheism.

In this country there is not a man of any eminence in any of the sciences who belongs to the side of doubt.

On the contrary, all the scientific institutions are built by money subscribed by Christians and maintained thereby.

Besides this, men like Lord Kelvin—the prince of scientists—Sir Oliver Lodge, and, in fact, all real scientific teachers are believers in Christianity.

119, Grove-lane, S.E. G. H. GREEN.

THE REVIVAL OF EARRINGS.

The custom of wearing earrings is not heathenish; there is no reason whatever for condemning it.

Earrings are worn by many persons of whose refinement there can be no question, and they are by far the most becoming form of jewel a woman can wear.

The foolish cry that they are barbarous is raised only by dyspeptic members of the male sex and by ladies who have not sufficient courage to face the slight operation necessary.

I hope the present revival may become general and permanent. ANTI-NONSENSE.

Coombe Bissett, Wilts.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE.

The head of the War Office is a civilian—the Secretary of State for War. He knows nothing about military matters. Whatever Lord Roberts may have suggested to the Secretary of State he has power to refuse to carry out.

Soldiers know more about the Army than civilians do. Until the British nation learns this and places a soldier at the head of the Army our land forces cannot hope to come near the mark.

K. ENCEAR.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 21.—These stormy days speak to us unmistakably of autumn. Each gusty wind scatters flower-petals on the ground. Much care should now be taken of flowers which will bloom in September and October—chrysanthemums, Michaelmas daisies, late gladioli must be firmly supported, water being given them in dry weather.

Signs of the future abound. Round the dead stems of the Madonna lilies new green leaves peep, young foliage rises from the grape hyacinths. Rhododendrons and azaleas, crowned with buds, speak of flowery days next June. Roses (especially climbing sorts) quickly put forth the wood that will bear next summer's blossoms. E. F. T.

LORD KITCHENER'S TRIUMPH OVER LORD CURZON.



We reproduce to-day a cartoon we published (and on which we received many congratulations) a few months ago. The "young lady of Riga who went for a ride on a tiger" was then represented by General Ellice. Now the same tiger (Lord Kitchener) has gobbled up the Viceroy as well, and the smile on his face is broader than ever.

land; and her brother, Lord Shaftesbury, who has a most delightful and very well trained tenor voice. Nearly all the seats for this entertainment are sold, and as the reserved seats are one guinea a large sum ought to be raised. It will be quite a smart affair, and miniature decorations will be worn by the men present.

August is a month generally well enlivened with motor-car accidents and incidents of a thrilling kind. What would August be, for those accustomed to continuous excitement, without accidents? Lord Portsmouth, who has just shown his devotion to the sport by posting a warning to motorists near a well-known "police trap" on the borders of his Hurstbourne Park estate, was by no means famous as a sportsman before motor-cars became the rage. A well-known exponent of Liberalism and a well-known evangelical, Lord Portsmouth has never been half as fond of sport as his father, the late Earl, whose hounds were the most famous in the hunting world.

The late Lord Portsmouth would probably, however, have been as keen a motorist as his son, for there was nothing which he, used to flying across country at a break-neck speed, detested more than a lumbering vehicle. He could never endure driving through crowded London streets for that reason, and once it is said that, caught in a block near Piccadilly, he loudly admonished his cabman to proceed. The cabman pointed out that the streets were crowded. "Crowded?" shouted Lord Portsmouth. "Rubbish!" man, clear the road. I'm the

has, I believe, always disregarded social delicacies of this sort. Nevertheless, the effect of mixed society is generally to embarrass each section composing it, and his miners are probably happier at the Camp Bird Hotel, where they have the porcelain bath tubs, steam heat, library, and smoking-rooms all to themselves, without the paralyzing companionship which they get at Washington.

The Hon. Victor Russell, who is shortly to be married to Miss Margaret Bromley Martin, is a brother of the present Lord Amphil, Governor of Madras, and is only just over thirty. He comes of a family famous for clever men, and his father, the first Lord Amphil, better known perhaps as Odo Russell, was one of the wisest men of his time. Odo Russell, who was our Ambassador at Berlin for fourteen years, was an amazingly clever linguist, and Bismarck, who was not given to the distribution of vain compliments, said that he was the only Englishman he had ever known who spoke German like the Germans do.

Odo Russell was also a man of courage. That will be evident when I recall the fact that he used to read through Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" regularly once a year, whether as a penance or in view of his diplomatic duties in Germany it is impossible to say. His son, the present Lord Amphil, is a very athletic statesman. Even his manners sometimes betray the hearty and unconventional freedom of the carman and footballer, and it is on record that he once received an inquirer at the Colonial Office (where he served Mr. Cham-

PEACE CONFERENCE PHOTOGRAPHS.



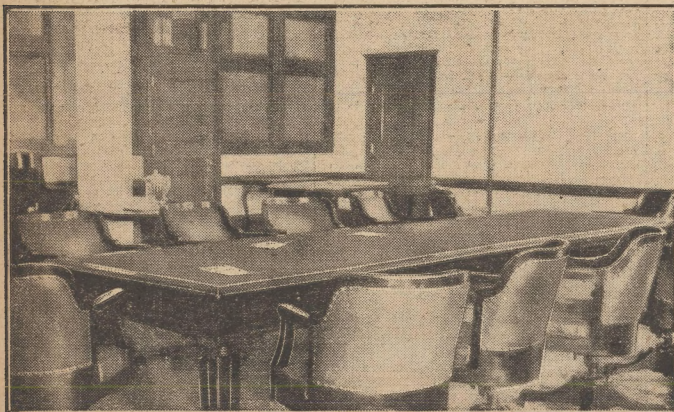
M. Witte (on the right) and Baron von Rosen, the principal representatives of Russia at the Conference, snapshotted as they were acknowledging the greetings of the crowd at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Inset is an interesting portrait of President Roosevelt taken as he was making an open-air speech.—(Levick—Underwood and Underwood.)



Baron Komura and the members of the Japanese mission at the Peace Conference on their way to a meeting in the Navy Building at Portsmouth. Baron Komura is at the head of the procession conversing with an officer of the U.S.A. Navy.



Russian representatives on their way to a meeting of the Peace Conference. They are headed by M. Witte, who can be seen on the extreme left of the photograph.



Where the meetings of the peace plenipotentiaries are held. The famous room is exceedingly plainly furnished, containing no more than is absolutely necessary. The strictest precautions are taken to prevent any details of the meetings from leaking out through unauthorized sources.

All THE NEWS

PRESIDENT AND PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARI



President Roosevelt with the peace plenipotentiaries on the yacht Mayflower. The only taken at the historic meeting on August 5. In order from left to right are M. Witte, Baron Komura, and Mr. Takahira.—(Stereograph copyright, 1905 and Underwood, London and New York.)

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS IN THE



Harry Vardon, one of the English representatives in the great international golf match which opens to-morrow.



J. H. Taylor, who is associated with Harry Vardon in representing England in the £400 foursome.

IN PHOTOGRAPHS

FAMOUS TENOR'S ILLNESS.



Signor Tamagno, famous as the possessor of the most powerful tenor voice in the world. He has had a stroke of apoplexy at Rome, and his condition causes serious apprehension.

CAVALRY EXERCISES AT DOVER.



Special cavalry exercises are being carried out at Dover in order to test the speed with which men and horses can be embarked and disembarked. Our photograph shows one of the special pontoons being used in the trials.

OUR SOME MATCH FOR £400 AT ST. ANDREWS.

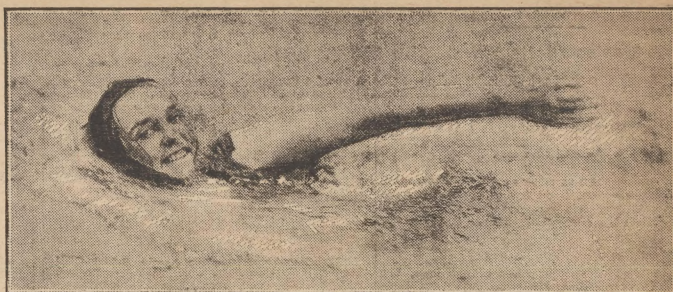


James Braid, holder of the open championship, plays for Scotland at St. Andrews.



Alexander Herd, playing for Scotland. He has been in fine form lately, and great things are expected of him.

CHANNEL SWIMMERS PRACTISING.



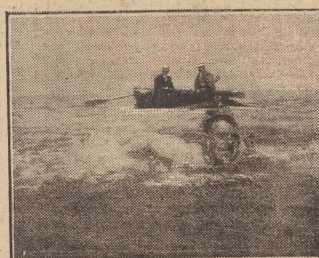
Miss Annette Kellermann using her favourite trudgeon stroke. If conditions are favourable, she will attempt to cross the Channel to-morrow.



Mr. J. W. Wolfe, another of the competitors for cross-Channel honours. Like his rivals, he is only waiting for suitable weather conditions.



Mr. Montague Holbein using his famous breast stroke. He proposes, if possible, to make another attempt to cross the Channel to-day.



Mr. Horace Mew snapped on a practice swim. But for rough seas, he would have made an attempt to do the Channel swim yesterday.



Mr. T. W. Burgess, who has already made several plucky attempts to cross the Channel, swimming with the over-arm stroke.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name

Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Worthing. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

More Stories of Neglected Wives
and Deserted Husbands.

WARNINGS AND ADVICE.

Our readers seem as eager as ever to discuss this absorbing question, but those of them who have found unhappiness in marriage are still more numerous than the contented. A selection from the best of to-day's confessions follows:—

WARNED BY OTHERS.

I have had several proposals of marriage, but the terms of matrimony are too unfair. A little observation teaches that wives are but dupes, and that good men are practically extinct.

Looked at with a practical eye, what does marriage mean to a girl to-day? Union with a man who will be almost certain after a time to tire of her, who will be enjoying himself night and day as the opportunity arises, while I shall have to look after the house and children, to be flattered when he chooses to come nigh, or when he condescends to take me out for a little change, and bear the humiliation of hearing him say, "Sorry, can't come to-night, Jack; promised to go out with my wife," and of seeing the self-sacrificing look he throws to his friend.

I am quite sure the honest thinker will know there is no exaggeration in this picture.

JANET S. QUENTIN.

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.

The true secret of happiness in married life is for both man and wife to have the same aims and ambitions, or, in the alternative, the wife to be purely a wife, never interfering with her husband's tastes and desires, but always helping him by rendering his home a place of rest and loving care, where business worries may be shelved for the time being.

If the wife's aims are those of her husband, and he approves of her assistance, let her throw her heart and soul into the work. Otherwise let her thoroughly study her home and no more, and thereby help him as much.

But, should the wife fail to see her husband's ambitions in their true light, then the failure is complete.

West Kensington.

W. WILLIAMS.

LITTLE THINGS IMPORTANT.

It has been my lot for nearly twenty years to be thrown in constant contact with married couples, and I must say too many of them were badly matched. If men would only realise that it is the little things that make wives happy, an interest taken in what they are doing, a word of admiration, or a suggestion for something different nicely put.

Wives I have known have, in their husbands' absence, done really nice things to surprise him on his return, but he comes in, no smile, no kiss, the kiss his wife would gladly give is withheld off by the expression on his face, no notice taken of anything new.

The wife naturally loses heart, and marriage turns out once more a failure.

HEATHER.

MARRIAGE NO LONGER SACRED.

There is only one cause of the unhappiness of married couples, which seems rare in England nowadays. It is that matrimony is no longer held as sacred as it was in bygone days.

Now it is looked upon as a mere earthly contract, which can be broken at the command of the law.

England boasts that her "greatness" (?) is due to an "open Bible," and yet in the face of this she ignores its teaching on matrimony, and so we have full Divorce Courts and unhappy marriages.

As to the greatness of England, well, pagan Rome was great. Far better a country be poor and pure.

Waltham.

EDWARD LEYDEN.

INFLUENCE OF GOD MOTHERS.

If a girl has been well brought up, and has a good mother, she will make an excellent wife, and will prove a help to her husband in every way.

My sisters and I have all had splendid educations, but our mother (although we kept four servants) insisted on having us taught all domestic duties.

Two of my sisters have been married several years and manage their homes splendidly. Both are extremely happy, and enjoy their lives in a simple way.

Lowestoft.

J. B. B.

ANOTHER MISERABLE MARRIAGE.

I am sorry to say I have been a hindrance to my husband. He told me so plainly enough years ago. I have been married sixteen years, and known nothing but misery ever since August, 1889, three months after my marriage. He is now always out all day, and never speaks kindly to me. He told me once that if it had not been for me he could have married a rich widow long ago.

The law ought to allow such a man a divorce and let his wife go out of her continual misery.

UNHAPPY FOR 16 YEARS.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Cason Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to take a husband, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallance, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rose mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the limitless power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hands.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in the thousands of pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted five thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made her proposal. He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man and give his son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds—if he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart scorned the idea.

Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallance. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville, threatened her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour.

Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him. Then she went to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallance, Superior of the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her house.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra has deserted him, and resolves to think of her no more.

Swindover, who had led the girl to believe that the German Grand Duke, with whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

CHAPTER XII.

The Fanatic.

A faint smile dawned on the still, white sadness of Sabra's beautiful face. It was tinged with pity for the gaunt, hard woman who sat there with folded hands—the woman who had shuddered away from the natural life of her sex, who had taught all herself from her earliest youth to look upon all normal promptings as temptations of the evil one, and who now, strong in the withered pride and the fanatical zeal of her narrow soul, sat and cast anathemas on all the sweet and tender and sacred human joys.

"Dear Aunt Ursula," the girl said gently, and without disrespect, but with a certain quaint touch of wistful humour that struggled through the great emptiness of her soul to show her sweet, sane temper, "I did not find Dick any of the things you say, neither low, nor gross, nor selfish, nor material, nor perfidious."

"Then why," asked Lady Ursula sternly, "are you not going to marry him?"

"The fault was in me," Sabra answered. "I will tell you this once, Aunt Ursula, and then please do not speak of it again. It was I who was wanting. I am a miserable coward; I have no courage to face poverty, to throw in my lot with—" She hesitated, and her aunt completed the sentence in her own way.

"With two men, Sabra, who, through folly and improvidence and wanton extravagance, have reduced themselves practically to a state of beggary and have outraged the whole neighbourhood by allowing an unspeakable person to establish themselves in the home of their fathers."

The girl's face contracted with pain.

"Please, don't, Aunt Ursula," she murmured. "You don't understand—I am very unhappy."

"I have come to you for help."

"And my soul rejoices," said Lady Ursula, a grim and rigid piety making her voice sound almost sepulchral. "I have always known," she went on, "that your vocation was the higher one. This cowardice, as you call it, that has made you draw back, before it is too late, from an earthly alliance, is, I am convinced, a sign sent to you. But why not come here at first? In your state of mind it is better that you should be out of touch with the world."

Lady Ursula was afraid. She showed it in the gaunt eagerness of her face, in the fiery gaze of her beautiful eyes that scanned the girl's pallid features for some dreaded sign that her will was not firmly established, that she might yet be won back to the hated and soul-degrading love of man.

"Aunt Ursula, I have told you," said Sabra firmly. "It is no use; I cannot stay here. It would drive me mad. You are too luxurious, too leisurely here; I am in no mood for services, or lovely singing, and hours of communion with myself, or reading, or roaming about the grounds. I couldn't do it. I must have action—something to do, someone to sympathise with—and you, none of you need sympathy here. You are all perfectly

content. If you will let me go to the settlement, I will go and work, and, perhaps, later on, I will come here for a little while."

"And in the end will you come to us altogether?"

"I don't know; Aunt Ursula. I really don't know."

Lady Ursula's thin lips tightened a little as she drew a piece of paper towards her.

"When will you go?" she asked, dipping her pen in the ink.

"To-morrow morning, I shall go back to the Vicarage now and pack."

Very well. I will tell Anna Montgomery to expect you."

"Tell her that she is to keep me going night and day. I don't want to rest, I don't want to—" The girl broke off with a little helpless gesture of her shoulders. She recognised that the misery in her heart could never be shared by her aunt.

Although she had come to her with news that no doubt the elder woman had longed and prayed for, Sabra felt that they were now, as they always must be, two women who saw with different eyes, who in every thought and feeling and instinct were as the poles apart.

Lady Ursula wrote steadily. Her face expressed an implacable disapproval. As a matter of fact, she was not at all in sympathy with the settlement in the stuns of Stoke Magnus, although she herself had established it. She had seen that it was necessary, an outlet for the restless energy of the younger women who came to the Abbey disappointed, broken, some nigh to madness, and could find no peace within its gloomy walls, where, in a strange mingling of luxury and asceticism, the souls of women who fled from the world consumed with themselves and life seemed to stand still. These rebel spirits, who could not subdue their thoughts, their miseries, their bitterness and longings, were sent to the settlement to work among the poor.

Sometimes they never came back to the Abbey. Hard work, and the sight of sufferings so infinitely greater than their own, wrought many a magical cure, and sent a happy, sane woman back into the world.

This Lady Ursula deplored, and this she particularly dreaded in her niece's case, for the desire that Sabra should join the Sisterhood and pass the rest of her life far removed from the soul-deaden-

ing contact of men, was fast growing into an obsession that dominated her stern, narrow mind.

Lady Ursula folded her paper and addressed the envelope. Sabra rose to her feet.

"Thank you very much, Aunt Ursula," she said. "I must be getting back now."

"Won't you stay the night?" asked her aunt, less out of hospitality than because of the insistent longing not to let the girl out of her sight.

"No, thanks," Sabra answered. "I have all my packing to do."

"What will my brother say?"

"I told him. You know," the girl said frankly, "he would rather I worked in the settlement than come here."

"I know," admitted Lady Ursula, with fierce and gloomy bitterness. Then, with a sudden movement, she laid both her beautiful hands on her niece's shoulders, and the sombre purple eyes tried to penetrate the mask that Sabra had set between her misery and a prying world. "Is this final?" asked the elder woman solemnly. "Will there be no going back?"

"There will be none, Aunt Ursula."

"You know what value we set on words here, my child. When we make a statement it is a vow. Is that a vow?"

Sabra stirred uneasily in the steady grip of those firm white hands.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, I don't know. You must understand that I cannot look on these things as you do."

"But you have said there will be no going back!" Lady Ursula's breath came faster; her wonderful eyes glittered. "Sabra, this is not the time for you to take that vow that I have urged on you so often? Are you not convinced now that marriage is not your vocation, since you were willing to be this young man's wife but a week ago, and now you are not? My child, make your decision! Now is the time. I feel it; I have not wearied Heaven with my prayers in vain. Sabra, make that promise to me now! A light of immense enthusiasm softened for a moment the monkish rigidity of her face. In her tremendous zeal she shook the girl by the shoulders, swaying with her to and fro. "Sabra, promise me now that you will never marry any man!"

The girl was silent. She looked pained and dis-

(Continued on page 11.)

The Great Channel Swim



The lady champion swimmer landing after her last long practice swim before attempting to cross the Channel.

Photo (Copyright) "Daily Mirror."

Read what Miss Kellermann says:

Messrs. Cadbury Bros.

DOVER,

5/8/05.

Gentlemen,

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

Cadbury's Cocoa

"A PERFECT FOOD."

CAUTION.—See that you get CADBURY'S.

LORD CURZON'S MAGNIFICENCE.

Stories Which Show How the Late
Viceroy Appreciated the Pomp
of His Position.

AN IMPERIAL MANNER.

Now that another chapter of Lord Curzon's career has closed, a few anecdotes will display the characteristics and the mannerisms which distinguish him as a ruler of men cannot fail to be of interest.

Lord Curzon has always believed in the trappings of Government. It is significant that, during his period of office in India, the great Delhi Durbar should have given him an opportunity of indulging this tendency to the full. No one better than he could have appreciated the glamour of that extraordinary spectacle.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Even in England, and in the prosaic atmosphere of Westminster, Lord Curzon had something defiant, something unapproachable about him. Did not cartoonists represent him as the man at the wheel who could not be spoken to, and with a placard marked "Do not ask me any questions" round his neck? But a story is told of him before he became famous, about his early travels, which is wonderfully symbolical of his delight in dazzling poor, inferior men.

He was anxious to make a tour in Afghanistan, which was then, to all Western travellers, nothing less than a forbidden land, full of dangers to the curious.

What was Lord Curzon to do in order to wander there free of danger? He did a very simple thing. He called for the assistance of a famous military tailor, and they designed together an astounding costume of scarlet and gold, so dazzling that the Afghans apparently took the traveller for the sun-god, and certainly left him to do exactly as he liked in their country.

So Lord Curzon followed in the footsteps of Thomas Carlyle, and discovered that clothes, omnipotent clothes, are frequently more important than realities in this meretricious world of ours.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Then came Parliament and office. Lord Curzon was very superior in Parliament. It is still remembered in the House of Commons that he once issued a kind of edict, which once is tempted to call imperial, to the effect that the printed order paper was "so damp as to be positively unpleasant" when it reached him.

But the East, where men hold an exalted conception of rank and office, was the place for Lord Curzon.

Whatever he may have been in India (and it is generally admitted that he has shown administrative ability of the highest order), he has not been a complete social success. There has never been a Viceroy who has so often snubbed and suppressed the small fry of Anglo-Indian circles, and especially all those who showed a tendency to fail in ceremonious recognition of his supreme position.

There are very many instances of this. At a Viceregal ball, not very long ago, it is said that Lord Curzon, passing down the reception rooms in full parade, noticed, sitting in an adjacent alcove two people who neglected to rise as he passed. He immediately sent an aide-de-camp to inquire their names, and they were never asked to the Viceregal Lodge again.

THE HAT QUESTION.

Again, while he was driving through the streets of Calcutta one day, he perceived a civilian who failed to take off his hat. Lord Curzon is extremely particular on the hat question. He sent and arrested the man and had him duly reprimanded: In church, another day, a fatal breach of etiquette occurred.

A mere civilian actually had the presumption to offer the collection bag to the Viceroy, instead of handing it to an assistant.

The Viceroy assumed a frozen aspect and took no notice of the poor collector. Finally an A.D.C., looking very embarrassed, honourably presented the bag to the great man, who condescended now to drop his august coin within it.

With such regal manners, with such disdain for the common herd, with such severity upon trifling negligences, has the late Viceroy of India succeeded amongst his own people in alienating much of the sympathy which his undoubted abilities would otherwise have won for him.

He is remembered, however, as a kind of magician by the natives. He was credited particularly with a power of inducing rain, and in all cases of drought and famine he was summoned to help, and it was always supposed that refreshment descended upon parched fields at once, as a result of his glorious presence.

MOTOR-HARVESTER AT WORK.



The conquering motor is speedily proving its usefulness to the farmer. Such motor-harvesters as that shown in the photograph reproduced have been at work on a good many farms this year.

GIRL SWIMMER.



Miss Annette Kellermann, photographed after a long practice swim. She is full of confidence in her ability to cross the Channel.

CHILD DRAMATIST.



Miss Gladys Storn, the fifteen-year-old author of "The Legend of the Echo" and other plays, which have been successfully performed in aid of charitable objects.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

turbed. She opened her lips as if to speak, but no words came, and she withdrew herself silently and forcibly from the detaining grip of the white hands.

"You know what I will do for you," Lady Ursula went on. She was panting now, intensely agitated; her hands fiercely gripped the diamond cross that blazed on her breast. "I have often told you, this is the desire of my heart, that you should succeed here, when I am gone. And if you don't want to come here at once, why you shall do as you like, and I will enable you to travel and see the world. Perhaps it is better, before you are fully capable of understanding the joys that are our portion here. I will make you a rich woman, Sabra; you shall have everything you want; you shall see everything you want to see, and do everything you want to do, if you will only promise—if you will only take a solemn vow that you will never marry any man!"

Still the girl was silent. "I don't want to forbid you the world," the elder woman went on. "Stay in it as long as you like, but be not of it, and in the end come here and take my place." The strength of this sudden emotion seemed to exhaust the woman who never allowed herself to feel any but spiritual upliftings of the soul. She sank back into her straight chair; her hands fell to her sides! the blue-veined lids dropped over her splendid eyes.

And again a curious little smile dawned on Sabra's face; a smile in which there was more than a trace of pity.

"Dear Aunt Ursula," she said gently, "it would not be difficult for me to promise what you wish, since, as I am not going to marry Dick, I shall certainly marry no other man. But I can't do it, because, you see, it would be done in a different spirit, and, if I accepted all that you would do

for me, I should be accepting it under false pretences. I should not be vowing myself to celibacy; I should merely be taking a vow to marry no other man than the one man I could have married. Do you understand? And that would be dishonourable. So we won't say any more about it, and I'll go to the Settlement to-morrow, and, later on, perhaps, I'll come to you here. But I can't promise—really, I can't promise anything. Only—Aunt Ursula—a sudden overwhelming weariness spread a grey shadow over the young face—"don't forget to pray for me. I need it—oh, I need it sorely!"

A few minutes later, with Lady Ursula's cold kiss on her forehead, Sabra was walking down the avenue towards the great gates that shut away the world from those to whom the world had proved itself an enemy. In the middle of the avenue she met a man, a short, stoutly-built, burly man of middle age, with a square, plain face, half-hidden by a bushy brown beard and straggling moustache. He had shining blue eyes and a noble forehead, which was displayed, crowned by an upstanding thatch of light brown hair, because he carried his straw hat, as well as a small bag, in his hand.

Both Sabra and the man stopped simultaneously, she with a look of intense amazement on her face. "You want to know what I'm doing in this mock nursery, eh, Miss Sabra?" asked the man. He had a delightful, hearty voice, and a smile that betrayed a radiant sense of humour. His whole personality was like a breath of sea-air.

Sabra had known him ever since she came to live with her uncle. His house was quite close to the vicarage, in the heart of the slums. He was a most skillful surgeon, and he gave all his skill in the service of the poor.

She held out her hand with great cordiality. "And you," the man added with forceful emphasis, "what are you doing? I'd hoped you had seen the last of this accursed place."

(To be continued.)

Look as Nice as You Can.

Surely this is what everyone wishes to do, but it is impossible if there are spots, pimples, or any kind of breaking-out upon the skin. If beauty of skin is worth having it is worth some little trouble to gain it and retain it, and the illustrated family handbook on "Skin Troubles" offered at the foot of this article explains in clear, simple, non-technical language how to cure every form of skin illness and keep your skin free from all blemishes. It is a most useful little book and you certainly ought to have it.

NOTICE THE FIRST SIGNS OF SKIN ILLNESS.

There would not be a fraction of the illness there is in this world if people always carefully noted the very first signs of

ill-health and then applied a remedy. Hundreds of serious, painful, and even fatal illnesses would be prevented if people would but note the first symptoms, and this is specially true of skin troubles. Let us suppose for a moment that you are troubled with unpleasant irritation of the skin, or some breaking out, roughness, redness, or chafing of the skin, either on your face, chest, arms, or some other portion of your body. Under these circumstances, if you are foolish you will take no notice, but expect the trouble to cure itself, and in that case you may be storing up for yourself years of discomfort and even of disfigurement. The sensible thing to do is to immediately secure a supply of "Antexema," and the moment it is applied any existing irritation will cease.

BEFORE



AFTER

KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY.

If your skin is very delicate, sensitive, easily broken, specially liable to chafe and roughness, or if it looks coarse, red, rough, or neglected-looking, it is well to remember that this is the usual starting point of eczema. If you apply "Antexema" immediately you observe this appearance you will soon get it right again, and avoid risk of eczema, which is a most annoying and unpleasant trouble. Many people, too, suffer from being unhealthy, and this, too, should receive attention. Insect bites, too, are prevalent at this period of the year, and athletics—cycling, rowing, cricket, or other sports—frequently give rise to chafed skin or blisters. "Antexema" is the thing for you, and for all sufferers from skin troubles.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

"Antexema" should be in every home, and it will surprise you to find how often you require it, and how uniformly successful it is when used.

It is far better every way than cold cream and other such preparations, which merely cool and soothe without exerting any curative influence. "Antexema," as regards cooling and soothing properties, is far and away superior, but, in addition, it cures in a most wonderful way, removes all inflammation of the skin, and makes it healthy once again. No need to be the least bit afraid to use "Antexema." It is non-poisonous, it hardly shows on the surface of the skin after it is applied, and it quickly heals and cures. It is just as good for babies as for adults, and you would be amazed if you could see the tens of thousands of letters that reach the Antexema Company every year ordering our preparations, and telling the almost miraculous cures "Antexema" has worked.

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To satisfy any sufferer as to the harmless and non-poisonous nature of "Antexema," we append the following certificate of analysis made by Granville H. Sharpe, F.C.S., of 11 and 12, Great Tower-street, London, E.C., the well-known analyst:—

"In accordance with instructions received, I hereby certify that I have submitted 'Antexema' to careful chemical analysis, and I find that it contains, in a most desirable and advantageous form, valuable curative and palliative agents, and that it is entirely free from any poisonous or dangerous admixture. I consider it to be an excellent and effective preparation, and that it will prove of much benefit in all affections of the skin."

(Signed) GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., etc.


OUR OFFER TO YOU.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. You can have a copy of the new and revised illustrated edition of our family handbook on "Skin Troubles" together with a free trial of "Antexema," if you mention the *Daily Mirror*, enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and write to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. Write at once.

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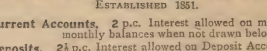
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12 COTTAGE Piano, by "Collard and Collard,"
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being a genuine "Collard and Collard" is in itself a guarantee of its excellence; 20 years' warranty given; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (Estd. 120 years), 15, Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

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BATHS THAT ACT BENEFICIALLY UPON BOTH MIND AND BODY—TWO PRETTY BLOUSES.

NINE KINDS OF
BEAUTY BATHS.REFRESHERS FOR THE TIRED
SUMMER GIRL.

A salt sea bath is a very easy matter; fill the bath with cold water and throw into it a cup of sea salt, which can be bought at the chemist's. But the salt sea bath has its drawbacks when taken in this way. There is lacking the exhilaration of bathing in the sea; and then, again, it is too cold for some people. Of course, the water can be heated, but a hot sea bath is not very satisfactory.

Salt Sea Bath.

Take note next of the salt sea bath which they give at many of the springs in Germany. Take a pint of good table salt, spread it in the bath, and add to it a little powdered borax. Then fill the bath almost with boiling water and allow it to cool to a tepid temperature. The patient takes a quick hot scrub in this water, which is allowed to dry on the skin, and another bath is taken in clear hot water.

The sea bath indoors or in the ocean should be followed by a clear water bath for the complexion, for the ocean, however invigorating for the muscles, is not good for the complexion. The hot bath that follows is the complexion bath. Those who want a sea bath in an ordinary bath when there is no sea salt handy can use rock salt and borax. They can add a little bran to soften the water and a very little vinegar to give it the last ingredient of the sea bath. This makes as good an ocean bath as one could want, and one that is excellent for rheumatism.

To Follow the Sea Water Dip.

The beauty bath, which follows the salt sea bath, may be one of various types. For those who want to make their flesh firmer a gelatine bath is a good one, and is made by taking a tablespoonful of the best gelatine and dissolving it in a quart of hot water. When this has cooled a little stir it into the bath.

When the bather is tired, and has a cold and sore throat, a bath of benzoated water is satisfactory, and is made by taking a bath of very hot water and adding to it a quarter of an ounce of simple benzoine. This should be left to cool, and as it cools the patient should breathe the fumes, which are very clearing to the throat and soothing to the lungs. The bath should be taken as soon as the water becomes bearable. It should be followed by a rub down with eau de Cologne and a good sleep in a warm bed.

Benzoated Perfume.

A good beauty bath for the summer is made by adding to a bath of boiling water a benzoated perfume, made by taking an ounce of simple tincture of benzoine, and adding to it half an ounce of vinegar. Shake these ingredients together, and add half the quantity to a bath full of very hot water. As it cools it will be sweet and strong.

The girl who wants a bath that is merely sweet can take a strongly-perfumed one. This perfume can even be used upon the head as a shampoo, and the result will be a head of scented locks, and can be employed in an atomizer upon the floor of a room.

Take a jug or a large glass bottle capable of holding a gallon or more, and into the vessel pour a quart of eau de Cologne. Into this drop two grains of musk and an ounce of oil of rose geranium. Set the mixture away for a fortnight, then fill the jug with eau de Cologne and let it stand for another fortnight. Shake it and it will be ready for use. Draw off a pint at a time, and when bathing, add about an ounce to the bath. This will fill the whole house with a lovely aroma.

Rain-Water an Excellent Cosmetic.

A beauty bath for those who suffer from a dull skin, which is supposed to invigorate the skin, and certainly leaves it smooth and glossy like velvet to the touch, is, firstly, a tub of pure rain-water, or, if that is not possible, a bath of water softened with a little borax. After this comes the beauty bath, which is made of four ounces of rose-water, into which is placed one ounce of glycerine, and to which is added a teaspoonful of powdered borax and an ounce each of alcohol and simple tincture of benzoine. Let this stand for a week, shaking it now and then, and add at the end of that time two ounces of rose-water. This makes the most delightful lotion the summer girl could have.

Bran Bath for Beauty.

Another bath which is intended to restore the nerves consists of many herbs mixed together. Into a butter-cloth bag put a handful of sage and the same amount of dried lavender flowers with a few spices and a little menthol. Sew the bag securely and put it into a quart of boiling water. Let it cool, and pour all into the bath, letting the bag remain in the bath as long as is desired. Then take it out and dry it. It can be used in this way twice.

The best bath of all for beauty is the bath of strawberry vinegar, made by taking a gallon of red wine vinegar and putting into it a quart of fresh strawberries well mashed. Next day strain it, add a little borax powder and about ten drops of

benzoine. This freshens the skin, and is said to cure rheumatism.

The bran bath in the summer is very beautifying, and begins with the bran bag, into which there are put so many cleansing ingredients. One pound of bran is added to a pound of common yellow cornflower and about a quarter of a pound of almond meal and a couple of ounces of powdered orris root. An important ingredient is pure shaved soap, and for this purpose a small cake of any very good soap can be used. It is most economical to save the bits of good soap and when they have been dried to powder and bottle them.

To powder soap, place the bits into a little bag and pound them until all are reduced to a powder. Add this to the ingredients and stir them together, adding an ounce of powdered borax as you stir. When all this is mixed the result will be about three pounds of fine bath powder.

There is another bath bag which is used a great deal, and which is very much liked. Its basis is a

NEW FLORAL EFFECTS.

ROSES MADE THE RECEPTACLE FOR
RASPBERRIES.

No particular fashion in table decorations is followed nowadays, for hostesses like their own individual ways of arranging their dinner tables, just as they pride themselves on originality in dress and house furnishing.

True, some Transatlantic ways of arranging flowers are being imitated here, whilst for American menus, chiefly vegetarian, there is a furore. So our lilies and roses we arrange with a difference, since a Long Island hostess set the fashion of laying them sunray-wise on her table, the stalks meeting in the centre, and a head of a flower lying by each plate.

Marigolds are among the midsummer flowers, and these, hitherto left severely alone in the garden, the orange-coloured ones and lemon-yellows, too, are now arranged in masses on hall tables and in vestibules, where they give a splendid glow of colour. The hybridised phlox has its own gamut of colours—salmon, vermillion, and rose, together with the numerous pure and creamy white varieties.

These, unsuited likewise for table decorations, are beautiful arranged in long glass vases in sitting-rooms. Even more lovely, the larkspur, graceful in its poise and azure, turquoise, purple, or mauve in colour, as you wish it. Why did not Keats include it in his sonnet on blue? Oliver Wendell Holmes loved the flower. "Light as a loop of larkspurs."



Deep cream spotted muslin is the material chosen for this blouse with white taffetas bands stitched upon it, and deep vandykes of lace for the yoke and sleeve adornments.

THE GENTLE CYNIC.

Many a white lie has left a black mark behind it.

It is much easier to float a rumour than to sink one.

It doesn't pay to borrow, especially if you have to borrow to pay.

Most of us would marry for love if we felt that we could afford it.

The fellow who is pushed for money is never pushed to the front.

When you hear of a man of few words, it may be that his wife has the monopoly.

The world is full of people who want to do good, but who are in no hurry to begin.

The man who has a strict regard for the truth seldom talks about his own achievements.

6

pages — The London
"Evening News," which
is the evening edition
of the "Daily Mail."

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Dowding's
LUCKY
CORSET.

"THE
LITTLE
BLACK
CAT."



Pink and white spotted cambric shirt for morning wear, trimmed with entro-doux of lace and flounces of the material.

he cried in admiration. The larkspur is still coming on in the north of England, and whilst we have it with us we cannot prize it too highly.

There is a growing disposition to arrange fruit and flowers together on a dinner-table. Take a dish of mandarin oranges. Scoop out the pulp and scrape the skin clear. Refill it with the best bits of the mandarin, with powdered sugar and a little sherry. Place it on a cut-glass dish and surround it with white or yellow roses. The latest fashion in Boston, United States, is to pluck the hearts out of fine pink roses, to place the flowers closely round a circular dish, and to fill the void of the out-plucked hearts with raspberries or other small fruit. Some hostesses are even having iced cream cheese served in roses treated in this way.

A dainty table may be secured by means of a centre of white Persian silk, silver-embroidered, or of Irish lace. In the centre a big glass bowl of delicate white flowers, such as Japanese anemones, might appear, and tiny glass bowls would be dotted about filled with other white blooms. Cut-glass vases should be avoided on a table; the outlines are not graceful, the glass heavy, and the surface broken. Clear, plain glass is far better.

Plate, too, is well shown off by the red of geraniums. The late Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, bachelor though he was, prided himself greatly on his table decorations at Nuneham. Four tall round boxes (like small muff boxes) he had once covered with light geranium red velvet, and upon these he set his silver candlesticks. The flowers in the silver bowls and vases were rose red geraniums, put in without their leaves, and gorgeous was their effect.

With Front Suspender, 12/6. Extra for Side Suspender, 3s. Postage 4d. All orders must be accompanied with cheques or postal orders. Measurements required: Bust, Waist, Hips and Height.

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ROAD, LONDON.

MODERATE SPORT
AT WOLVERHAMPTON

Small Fields and Easy Wins—
Brighter Prospects for Stock-
ton—St. Leger Betting.

Madeley Plate, reckoned to be practically a match between Muscar and Gay Primrose, saw the latter successful.

Scanty fields were seen at Wolverhampton (Dunstall Park) yesterday, nor was there any thoroughbred of quality in the running. Backers had not much to complain about, as most of the fancied candidates scored.

* * *

St. Wulfram led off well by taking the Walsall Plate from Lady Yatesbury and company—a result forecast by the betting; but the same guide proved misleading in the Dunstall Plate, as Mother Goose, Fairy Godmother, and Bicarbonate were bowled over by Woodspring.

* * *

Percy Lowe's stable has done so well that when confidence was expressed in Fair Anna's chance for the Thorneycroft Handicap, the public remembered her excellent performance the previous week at Nottingham, and speculated to great effect. But the mare was not caught in the right mood, and was easily beaten by Mistle and Ariadne. Mistle is the property of Mr. J. de Rothschild, a scion of the great house whose colours are so popular on the Turf.

Mr. Delamere was all the rage for the Wolverhampton Handicap, chiefly because of the form shown at Lewes, where he was beaten by Lord Rosmore simply through inefficient jockeyship. Mr. Delamere now scored with great ease, and Brauneberg confirmed the Nottingham placing behind Swooper by again beating Sun Bonnet. Exhilarate colt had a runaway win in the Kingswinford Welter—which was a mere procession. The

Worcester, for whom the Fosters made 138, gained an advantage over Leicester on the latter's ground. H. K. came out with an innings worthy of him, 90 being his portion; it is to be regretted by all, bar Leicester, that he did not get his century, for his luck, unlike his form, has not been good lately.

Gloucester were in trouble at one time yesterday at Bristol, but Jessop and Brown came to the rescue with 74 and 80 respectively. For Surrey Lees did a fine performance in taking seven wickets for under 100 runs.

Notts made many runs against Derby yesterday at Derby, Hardstaff being top-scorer with 92. For the visitors Jones took 46 and Payton 66 not, the innings closing for 329. On going in the home side lost two wickets cheaply before bad light stopped the game. F. B. WILSON.

TRUMPER AND HILL BAT FREELY.

Victor Trumper and Clem Hill both did well for the Australians against Lancashire at Liverpool yesterday.

Score—

AUSTRALIANS.

V. Trumper, b Cook	89	J. J. Kelly, b Cook	8
A. J. Hopkins, c Sharp	84	F. Laver, st Findlay, b	8
C. Hoop	14	A. Sheppard, c Hyndesley,	8
C. Hill, b Cook	84	C. Cotter, b Sharp	8
M. A. Noble, b Cook	0	W. F. Howell, b Sharp	8
W. W. Armstrong, c	2	Extras	31
Findlay, c Cook	2		
J. Darling, not out	61		
D. R. A. Gehr, b Cook 11		Total	31

Lancashire—R. H. Spooner, H. G. Garnett, W. Findlay, L. S. Robinson, c Sharp, Hallowes, Cook, Tyndale, B. B. B. and Hill.

Perrin played a splendid century against Warwickshire at Leyton, and Carpenter, Fane, and McGahey also did well. Score:—

ESSEX.	
F. L. Lane, c Field, b	Reeves, b Santall
Santall	53 J. W. H. T. Douglas, b
Carpenter, c Smith, b	81 Hargrove
P. Perrin, not out	139 Conner, not out
C. McGahey, b Quaife	31 Extras
S. A. Trick, run out	5 Total
Russell, not out	8 Tremelin to bat.
Wassickshire - J. F. Byrne, T. S. Fishwick, Quaife, S. Santall, Hargrove, Kinneir, Charlesworth, Dевey, Bakewell, and Smith.	

Some wonderfully level batting was witnessed at Derby yesterday on the part of the Notts batsmen, who made 309. Score:—

NOTTS.	
A. O. Jones, b Burton ..	46
Iremonger, c Ollivierre, ..	0
b Bestwick ..	0
Gunn (G.), c Hunter, b ..	21
Morton ..	21
Gunn (J.), b Bestwick ..	26
Hardstaff, b Bestwick ..	92
Day, c Burton, b Olli- ..	15
vierra ..	15
H. H. Goodall, b Olli- ..	vierra ..
Payton, not out ..	0
Oates, b Bestwick ..	0
Hallam, b Ollivierre ..	0
Wass, b Bestwick ..	0
Extras ..	0
Total ..	15

DERBYSHIRE.
L. G. Wright, c Hardstaff, b Wase, 1; C. A. Ollivier,
b J. Gunn, 19; E. M. Ashcroft, not out, 6; extras,
total (for 2 wks), 29.
A. E. Lawton, F. C. Hunter, J. A. Macdonald, Burt
Cadman, Humphries, Morton, and Warren to bat.

FRY MAKES ANOTHER HUNDRED.
The Sussex captain found the Kentish bowling much
his liking yesterday, and he made another centu

Score:—		SUSSEX.
C. B. Fry, not out	143	K. O. Goldie, b Blythe ..
Vine, lbw, b Hearne ..	49	Relf, not out
Killick, run out	38	Extras

R. A. Young, b Humphreys	5	Total	3
W. Newham, H. L. Simms, Cox, Leach, and Butt to b Kent—E. W. Dillon, Humphreys, Seymour, S. H. D. J. R. Mason, A. P. Day, A. Hearne, C. H. B. Marsha Hulsh, Fairservice, and Blythe.			

Messrs. Weatherby yesterday confirmed the announcement that Mr. J. C. Sullivan had lodged an appeal against the decision of the Windsor stewards, who overruled the objection lodged on behalf of Lord Victor the Castle Handicap on Friday.

GREAT EBOR HANDICAP.

(Run Wednesday, August 30. Distance, one mile and three-quarters.)

8	to	1	agst	Airship, 4yrs, 8st 12lb (t and o).	J. Brew
10	—	1	—	Golden Measure, 3yrs, 7st 9lb (t)	Major Edward
10	—	1	—	Pitch Battle, 5yrs, 6st 11lb (o)	W. L. Robins
10	—	1	—	Lord Victor, 5yrs, 7st 5lb (o)	W. Sulliv

ST. LEGER.

(Run Wednesday, August 30. Distance, one mile and three-quarters.)

2	—	1	agst	Val d'Or (t)	Denm
6	—	2	—	Cherry Lass (t)	W. T. Robins
7	—	2	—	Cicero (o)	P. Pe

al	2	—	1	agst Val. d'Or (t)
er-	3	—	1	Cherry Lass (t)
in	4	—	1	Cicero (t)
	100	—	14	Liangibby (t)

CARRY THIS WEEK'S

£500 MONEY SHOWER

£1,000
INSURANCE

ANSWERS

VOL. XXXV, No. 900.

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EVERY INSURANCE POLICY.
AUGUST 26TH, 1905.

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ONE PENNY.

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Bank Notes

and Gold Given

TO

300 READERS THIS WEEK.

Here are the 300 towns where "Answers" Gold will be given away on the following days:—

TO-DAY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

Norwich	Moseley	Rusholme
Dover	Middlesbrough	Eccles
Folkestone	Barnsley	Seedley
Ramsgate	Derby	Cardiff
Hull	Oldham	Wolverhampton
Bristol	Aberdeen	Bradford
Bath	Carlisle	Leicester
Southend-on-Sea	Glasgow	Portsmouth
Southampton	Govan	Bolton
Rugby	Kinning Park	Darlington
Sheerness	Partick	Halifax
Gravesend	Pollokshields	Scarborough
New Brompton	Edinburgh	Dublin
Eastbourne	Chester	Exeter
Taunton	York	Whitehaven
Worthing	Huddersfield	Harrogate
Swindon	Plymouth	Gainsborough
Bournemouth	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Woolwich
Poole	Perth	Stockport
Reading	Colchester	Preston
Rhyl	Belfast	Chatham
Bexhill	Swansea	Salisbury
Oxford	Sunderland	Blackburn
Oxton-on-Sea	Liverpool	Westcliffe
Weymouth	Walton	Littlehampton
Ilfracombe	Bootle	Smallthorne
Blackpool	Everton	Doncaster
Lowestoft	Aintree	Kingston-on-Thames
Southport	Seaforth	Gloucester
Brighton	Coventry	Portobello
Yarmouth	Sheffield	Rotherham
Llandudno	Birkenhead	Aldridge, N.B.
Weston-super-Mare	Manchester	Accrington
Hastings	Pendleton	Aberystwyth
Margate	Broughton	Barrow-in-Furness
Nottingham	Cheetham	Bacup
Dundee	Lingsight	Ashton-under-Lyne
Leeds	Levensholme	Cork
Birmingham	Withington	Cambridge

Berwick	Dumbarton
Douglas	Ealing
Rochdale	Enfield
Chorley	Gorton
Durham	Guildford
Dudley	Hornsey
Devonport	Hove
Gateshead-on-Tyne	Ilford
Exmouth	Lynn
Erith	Willesden

LONDON:

Camden Town
Hammersmith
Shepherd's Bush
Islington
Kilburn
Kennington
Clapham
Brixton
Stoke Newington
Putney
Blackheath
Balham
Battersea
Chelsea
Camdenwell
Dulwich
Fulham
Holloway
Hampstead
Lambeth
Lewisham
New Cross
Peckham
Wood Green
Wandsworth

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd.

Hanley	Colne	Warrington
Northampton	Keighley	Banbury
Peterborough	Lancaster	Worcester
Aylesbury	Leith	Pontypridd
Canterbury	Limerick	Alloa
Batley	Londonderry	Chichester
Dewsbury	Shrewsbury	Truro
Boston	Stockton-on-Tees	Waterford
Bury St. Edmunds	Wakefield	Winchester
		Workington

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th.

Burton-on-Trent	Stirling	Ardwick
Kidderminster	Maidstone	Banbury
Mansfield	Hulme	Burnley
Cheltenham	Merthyr	Wendesbury
Ilkerton	Newbury	Walsall
Llanelli	New Brighton	Waterford
Paisley	Oban	Weymouth
Brentford	Penzance	Cromer
Richmond, Surrey	Renfrew	Hunstanton

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25th.

Lincoln	Morley	Dawlish
Alfreton	Bognor	Hereford
Heywood	Bridgeton	Hanley
Kilmarnock	Camachie	Ripon
Nelson	Dunbar	Springburn
Wigan	Cowais	Skegness
Radcliffe	Cowes	Torquay
Chelmsford	Paignton	Stoke

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th.

Longton	Kirkcaldy	Todmorden
Newport, Mon.	Leigh	Abertillery
Chesterfield	Nuneaton	Bilston
Bedford	Oldbury	Bridlington
Arbroath	St. Helens	Brighouse
Beverley	Stafford	Glossop
Bury	West Bromwich	Grantham
Crowe	Newcastle-under-	Haslingden
Darwen	Lyme	Tunstall
Hyde	Rawtenstall	

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS "ANSWERS."
TO CARRY THIS WEEK'S ..